TILL BIGGER PRIZES THIS WEEK (See Inside).

PEARSON'S WEEKLY
£2,000 Free Insurance.

ARE THERE HOLES IN THE AIR?
See the Article
"Why Flying Accidents Happen." (Page 88).

No. 1045.] POSTAGE, ONE PENNY. REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION TO CANADA. WEEK ENDING JULY 28, 1910. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THERMOS
SIMPLEX FLASKS

Icy cool drinks on scorching days; icy cool when others are generally lukewarm; icy cool drinks ready at any moment, under any condition—anywhere.

Think how delightful when "out for the day"—holidays—picnics and the like. The THERMOS "SIMPLEX" FLASK—obtainable for six-and-sixpence—makes all this possible.

In the Thermos "Simplex" Flask cold liquids remain icy cold for days whatever the outside temperature may be.

There are no chemicals or spirits to be used—no ice required—no additional expense—no trouble. You just pour the liquid cold into the Thermos "Simplex" Flask, and so it stays until required.

THERMOS SIMPLEX FLASKS KEEP COLD LIQUIDS COLD FOR DAYS.

To be without a Thermos "Simplex" Flask—now that its wonderful powers are obtainable for six-and-sixpence—is to miss one of the most profitable investments in the world.

The latest Thermos speciality is the

THERMOS "JUNIOR" FLASK

It is just half the size of the pint Flask, and can be in leather and nickel, and both round and oval shape. Most convenient for the pocket, or when only a small quantity of liquid is desired.

Sole wholesale only—A. E. GUTMANN & CO., 8 Long Lane, London, E.C.

Remember, all genuine Thermos goods have "THERMOS" on them.

The Thermos "Simplex" Flask, besides keeping cold liquids cold, keeps hot liquids steaming hot for twenty-four hours. You can make tea hot before leaving home in the morning, pour it hot into your "Simplex" Flask, and enjoy it fresh and steaming when far away in the afternoon.

No waiting, no paraphernalia of spirit stoves, or kettles, no trouble at all.

And think of the value of a "Simplex" Flask in the sickroom and nursery!

Besides, the Thermos "Simplex" Flask, though costing 6/6, never loses its power. With reasonable care it lasts a lifetime; the first cost is the only cost. Get a "Simplex" Flask without delay, and reap the benefits from now right on.

THERMOS SIMPLEX FLASKS KEEP HOT LIQUIDS BOILING HOT FOR 24 HOURS.

As you value satisfaction, steadfastly refuse to accept any imitation. The "Simplex" is a Genuine Thermos Speciality, offering the Genuine Thermos Advantages.

The latest Thermos speciality is the

THERMOS "JUNIOR" CAN

This is similar to the ordinary pint Thermos Can, but holding approximately half a pint, and is just [illegible] needed for keeping a small quantity of milk or a [illegible] liquid hot.

THERMOS FLASKS from 6/6 to 10 guineas.

THERMOS CANS from 15/6 to 55/-

SCIENTIFIC SPECULATION

We beg to call readers' attention to the whole page announcement of the

Industrial Development Corporation
Thanet House, Strand, W.C.

This firm invites all readers of *Pearson's Weekly* to apply for a booklet which shows how sums from £3 and upwards can accumulate to £48 with little prospect of a total loss. The book

COSTS NOTHING

and will be forwarded post free to all who fill up, cut out, and send up the coupon on page 97.

PEARSON'S JIG-SAW MAPS.

The most helpful and most entertaining puzzle known. A Jig-Saw Map consists of a map cut up into a number of odd-shaped portions which you have to piece together. The most delightful method of learning geography.

THE PUZZLE CHILDREN LIKE.

Price 3s. 6d. each, in strong box, post free. Jig-Saw Maps of England and Wales are now ready. Other maps may be had on order. Address inquiries and orders to

PEARSON'S JIG-SAW MAPS,
17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Make your own Cigarette
AG
It is twice as good
CIGARETTE PAPER
BEST and PUREST
LARGEST SALE IN GT BRITAIN

HEADACHE CURED IN 10 MINUTES.

One Kaputine cures in ten minutes the most violent Headache or Neuralgia. We want to prove this safe and reliable medicine to every sufferer, and in order to do so will send you two free sample doses of Kaputine by return post. Write to C. H. Kaputine, Kaputine Works, Wakefield. Kaputine is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere. Packets of 12 doses, 1/-. Samples 1d.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS
Please Mention
"Pearson's Weekly."

A HINT TO LADIES!

Mrs. BROOKES, the Eminent Lady Specialist,
has much pleasure in announcing that her remedy for restoring health without medicine is the only certain and speedy one known.
I GUARANTEE EVERY CASE.
Send at once stamped addressed envelope for full particulars and testimonials (guaranteed genuine under a penalty of £1,000) to—
Mrs. Stafford Brookes (Dept. 121), Catford, LONDON, S.E.

KEATING'S POWDER
KILLS FLEA, MOTH, BEETLE & BUG
Tins 1d 3d 6d & 1/-

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the rate of 2s. per line of 7 words or ... Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be ad[dressed] Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, ... tisements must be received by Tuesday morning for the following we[ek].

FOUNTAIN PENS, celebrated "Argosy." Vulcanite, solid Gold Nib. Ideal feed. Real Gem. Post 2/9 with old nib.—Douglas, St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh.

DON'T WAIT! NOW IS THE TIME. MRS. P. W. SHAFFER BENNYON, THE EMINENT SPECIALIST, has much pleasure in announcing her remedy for ANAEMIA, &c., without Medicine is the only one known. Every lady should send at once stamped addressed envelope for particulars and testimonials (guaranteed genuine under a penalty of £1,000) to Mrs. P. W. SHAFFER BENNYON, Catford, London.

FREE HERBAL MEDICAL GUIDE (Illustrated).—Containing valuable remedies for all ailments. Write to-day.—P. W. "Herbalist," 38 Charing Cross Road, London.

BOON TO WEAK MEN.—Nervous and Physical Weaknesses, Loss of Vigour, Varicocele, and Allied Troubles. Treatise, with full particulars, including hundreds of testimonials of complete cures, sent sealed, post free, two stamps.—P. J. Murray, 155 High Holborn, London, W.C.

TYPEWRITING.—Novelists, story-writers, clergymen and others who require their manuscripts typewritten, should send a post-card for terms to Miss Morris, 14 Bridge Road, Hammersmith, London, W. Special reduction for long stories.

ASTROLOGY.—Events, Changes, Fortunate Days, Business Success, Matrimony. Two years' future added. Send birth-date, 1/- P.O.—Prof. Gould, Butleigh, Whitchurch Road, Cardiff.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.—Thoroughly practical information on physical culture for training and general health is given in "Modern Physical Culture," by G. Lang Neil. All the modern systems are illustrated. It may be had, post free, for 1/2 from A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

SMALLHOLDERS AND ALLOTMENT-HOLDERS wishing to hear of something to their advantage are requested to send their name and address to Box 1, c/o *Pearson's Weekly*, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

A. B. Co., Broadheath Rubber Works, Nr. Manchester. Surgical rubber goods of every description. Specialists in rubber travelling requisites for both sexes. Bandages, Elastic Stockings, etc. Goods not approved of exchanged. Illustrated lists free.

THE IMPROVED AUTOMATIC CIGAR LIGHTER and Pocket Lamp. The only reliable pocket lighter on the market, faultless construction, perfect operation, elegant appearance, one filling lasts 8 days; 2s. 6d. post free.—M. Davies & Co., 42 Nelson Street, Liverpool.

VARICOCELE.—Every ... Varicocele and its accompan[ying] nervous weakness should send fo[r] ... describing its successful treatm[ent] ... only rational and painless meth[od] ... sent sealed, post free, two sta[mps] ... 4 Chancery Lane, London, W...

STRENGTH: How Los[t] ... Interesting and instructive re[ading for] middle-aged men on "How t[o] Create Vitality, and Increase ..." brief treatise on Nervous ... Strength, Poverty of Nerve ... Men.—Sent sealed on receipt ... Charles Gordon, 8 Gordonhol[me] ... ford, Yorks.

HOW TO KEEP FIT. Daily Exercise Card, containin[g] full instructions, can be suppli[ed] ... from The Publisher, ... London, W.C. INVEST 9d ...

TO AMATEUR PHOT[OGRAPHERS].—A capital handbook for the n[ovice and] more advanced student is "H[ow to Take] Photographs," by Clive Holland ... information you require regar[ding] Cameras, Plates and Films, Ex[posure] of Negatives, Printing, Mounti[ng] ... be had, post free, for 1/2 from A ... 17 Henrietta Street, London, W...

ASTROLOGY.—Your futu[re] foretold. Marriage, Partner ... Speculation, Changes, Legacies, ... &c. Send birth-date, 1/- P.O., ... Madame Marion, 4 Robertson Av...

£5 PER WEEK earned ... Writers. Excellent opportu[nity] ... people. Prospectus and full par[ticulars] ... Page-Davis Advertising School ... Street, London, W.

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH ... call or forward by post; full value ... made.—Messrs. Browning, Actu[al] ... 63 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, ... (100 years).

BLUSHING CURED.— ... recipe 1/- order. Testimonials.—H. ... 91 Back Piccadilly, Manchester.

INCOME TAX.—If you wis[h] ... and expense, buy "A Handy Guid[e for Tax] Payers." It will solve all your diffi[culties] ... a correct return, and thus avoid ... fourteen stamps to A. F. Sowter, ... London, W.C.

WHEN very thirsty, ask f...

TIRED MEN When you are tired of taking mysterious prescrip[tions and] wearing Electric Belts, write to me and I will se[nd] ... shows how every man, young and old, may be Quick[ly] Cured of NERVOUSNESS, EXHAUSTION, VARI[COCELE, DE]BILITY from any cause whatever, WITHOUT STOMACH MEDICINE or ELECTRI[CITY] cures. Book sent sealed, post free, for Two Stamps. Mention this pa[per]. A. J. LEIGH, 92 and 93 Great Russell St., LONDON, W.C. Over 20 yea[rs]...

RUGS GIVEN AWAY.

New Designs. Beware of Imitations.

Patronised by H.M. the QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the Readers of *Pearson's Weekly*, 28/7/10. On receipt of P.O. for **5/6** we will forward DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your address one of our PRUDENTIAL REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN REVERSIBLE HALF-GUINEA

BRUSSELETTE CARPETS (Regd.)

suitable for Drawing Room, Dining Room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered, in Thirty Different Turkey patterns and fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, and Art Colourings to suit all requirements, and LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY-SIZED ROOM. These Carpets, with **FREE RUG**, will be sent out as Sample Carpets, thus showing the identical quality we supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and, being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. OVER 400,000 SOLD DURING THE PAST TWELVE MONTHS. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

GIVEN AWAY! GIVEN AWAY!

With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send TWO CARPETS and TWO RUGS for **10/6**

Repeat Orders Received from the Royal Palace, Stockholm.

TESTIMONIALS.

1 Tyne View Villas, St. Helens, Isle of Wight.
Lady Ida Lowe begs to say that she is so much pleased with the two Carpets they sent her a week ago that she begs them to send her to the above address two more similar Carpets.

Stream Cottage, W. Farnham, Surrey.
The Duchess of Fines writes thanking Messrs. F. Hodgson & Sons for sending the Prudential Brusselette Carpet and Rug, and encloses one guinea for the Blanket and Towel Bale as advertised.

SALE PRICE 6/11 each. Carriage 6d. extra.

F. HODGSON & SONS, CITY OF LEEDS, are offering this week **10 bales of Large Axminster Pile Hearthrugs.** Very heavy (weight 6lbs.) Strong make. Size, fully six feet long by three feet wide, in the very choicest of Turkey colours and designs. Price **6/11** each—any colour wanted sent—bargain.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY WILLINGLY RETURNED.

Galaxy Illustrated Bargain Catalogues of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Embroidered Linen and Cotton Bedspreads, Quilts, Table Linens, Bedsteads, Overmantels, Linoleums, Blankets, Curtains, &c., Post Free, if, when writing, you mention *Pearson's Weekly*, 28/7/10. Address—

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. P.W.), Manufacturers, Importers, and Merchants, **WOODSLEY RD., LEEDS**

There is Nothing to Throw Away

in Cocoa—no leaves or dregs or useless sediment. Coc[oa is] nourishment—the word itself means "Food of the Gods," one of Nature's best gifts to mankind, and every year more and more relied upon by those who study health ... **FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA** is [manu]factured by the **Oldest House in the Trade,** ... unsurpassed for solubility, fragrance, and flavour.

The medical Press, including *The Lancet, British M[edical] Journal,* and *Medical Annual,* testifies to its absolute ...

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED **Cocoa**

PRECIOUS TO THE LAST DROP.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 1045. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JULY 28, 1910. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. ONE PENNY.

£75 A WEEK IN PRIZES.

THIS IS THE COMPETITION YOU CAN DO. TRY IT THIS WEEK AND YOU MAY WIN.

WHAT TRIPLETS ARE.

To make a "Triplet" you take any one of the three sentences of three words given in the first column below and add to it three additional words which begin with the same letters as the words of the sentence you have chosen. These initial letters may be used in any order you like, and the three additional words should form a sentence or phrase in themselves, and, if possible, be a continuation of, or comment upon, the original sentence. It is this sentence or phrase that is called a "Triplet."

HOW TRIPLETS ARE MADE.

Here are examples which will show you at a glance how to make "Triplets." Please note that you must not use any of these examples:

Sentence:	*Triplet:*
Mary Turns Suffragette.	**Many Tears Shed.**
What Britain Needs.	**Brand New Warships.**
Channel Swimmers Re-appear.	**Rude Spectators Chaff.**

OTHERS ARE WINNING TRIPLETS PRIZES, WHY NOT YOU?

NEW AND BETTER CONDITIONS THIS WEEK.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST.

This week we make an important development in our Triplets Competition. Instead of giving you three sets of letters, we submit three sentences of three words, each and we ask you to make Triplets with the three initial letters of any of these sentences. The three sentences are as follows:

Mary Turns Suffragette.
What Britain Needs.
Channel Swimmers Re-appear.

Please note that the words of your Triplet must have the same initial letters as those of the words of the sentence you select. These letters, however, need not be used in the order given, but your Triplet should have some bearing on the sentence chosen.

In the heading above you will find examples which will show you at a glance how to make this week's Triplets.

When you have made your Triplet to your satisfaction, write it out on the form in the adjoining column, and send it on to us at once in accordance with the rules for competitors. Bear in mind that only one Triplet must be written on an entry form. If you make more than one Triplet even with the same initials, or with different variations of these initials, each Triplet must be written on a separate entry form.

Now that you see how Triplets are made, start at once to make some of your own. We again undertake to distribute a sum of not less than £75, so be sure you post your Triplets on to us, and you may be a winner of a good big cheque.

RULES WITH WHICH COMPETITORS MUST COMPLY.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form, or they will be disqualified. If more than one attempt is made, each must be written on a separate entry form.
2. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out, attach to it a *postal order for sixpence*, and place it in an envelope addressed to the EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
3. Mark your envelope "Triplets No. 6" in the top left-hand corner.
4. All attempts must arrive on or before Thursday, July 28th.
5. Everyone who enters must send a postal order for 6d. with the entry form. The P.O. must be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and must be crossed "& Co." in the manner shown in this example. The number must be written in the space provided on the entry form. Where one P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one attempt, the number of this P.O. must be written on each entry form.

6. Of the amount received (after deducting ten per cent.), three-fourths will be divided amongst the senders of the ten Triplets which are considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. If there are more senders than one of a Triplet thus selected by the adjudicators, a tenth part of this three-fourths will be divided amongst all such senders.
7. The remaining one-fourth will be awarded in gifts by the adjudicators amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.
8. This week the Editor guarantees that the amount distributed shall not be less than £75.
9. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.
10. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
11. The published decision is final, and competitors may only enter on this understanding.

ENTRY FORM. **TRIPLETS No. 6.**

No. of Postal Order .....

Sentence Selected .....

Triplet .....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly," and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the printed conditions.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

RESULT OF TRIPLETS No. 3.

IN Triplets No. 3 the amount available for distribution was £50. To each of the following a prize of £3 15s. has been awarded:

T. D. I.—Idiots "don't think."
C. A. W. THOMPSON, Highfield, Haileybury, Hertford.
B. O. W.—Weighty opposition, battleships.
HOWARD ALLEN, Alma House, Bush Street, Pembroke Dock.
T. D. I.—"Trifles" denote indigestion.
C. W. PALMER, 16 High Street, Godalming.
J. F. E.—Eleven jurymen frantic.
MISS PHYLLIS RICE, 1 Marylebone Road, N.W.
B. O. W.—Britain overworks weathercocks.
H. PHILLIPS, 105 Castle Terrace, Shrewsbury.
T. D. I.—Dare I try?
MISS A. THOMAS, 58 Dewsbury Road, Dollis Hill, N.W.
B. O. W.—Often "Billed," William.
W. E. MARSDEN, 120 Russell Avenue, Noel Park, N.
T. D. I.—"Deep" individuals, tars.
EDWIN J. DAVEY, 18 Hillaries Road, Gravelly Hill, Birmingham.
B. O. W.—Worth outweighs birth.
T. D. MAXWELL, Burrow Lodge, Ilfracombe.
B. O. W.—"Windfall," biplanist's "outing."
MISS K. NORTON, 10 Fontenoy Street, Dublin.

10 GIFTS OF £1 1s. EACH.

Dunstan, W., 66 Ivy Road, Cricklewood.
Fox, H., Yorks Penny Bank, Batley.
Gannon, F., 20 High Street, Ware, Herts.
Hodges, C. J., 2 Westfield Terrace, Kingsholm, Glos.
Moles, J., 82 Great Victoria Street, Belfast.
Nicolson, A., 2 Argyle Park Terrace, Edinburgh.
Noble, Miss G., West Green P.O., Crawley.
Nolan, W., Laburnam Villa, Little Missenden.
Parrott, T., 4 Dialstone Lane, Stockport.
Rowden, C. F., Wycar, Bedale, Yorks.

2 GIFTS OF £1 EACH.

Horan, Rev. C. P., Wilton, Cork City.
Hanson, Miss K. E., 22 Dingle Lane, Liverpool, S.

Look out for the result of Triplets No. 4 next week.

HARD TO PART.

THE door-bell rang furiously, and continued ringing.

"Bother that bell!" exclaimed the exceptional musical comedy actress, who didn't want to be interviewed. "I have already sent word to the man that I've said all there is to be said about my teeth to other papers; and still he won't go away!"

Ding-a-ding! Ding-a-ding! Ding, *ding!*

Standing at her window she could see him beneath, tugging violently at the bell.

She threw up the sash.

"Young man," she called out, "I do not desire to say anything to you! Don't disturb me any more! Go away, young man—*go away!*"

"So I will," roared the reporter—"so I will if you'll come down and release my coat-tails from the door!"

"ER—by the way, old man, you haven't forgotten that sovereign you borrowed from me about six months ago?"

"Oh, dear no."

"But you said you only wanted it for a short time."

"And I told you the truth. I didn't keep it twenty minutes."

"How are you getting on as a newspaper artist?"

"Rapidly. They now allow me to draw the crosses showing where the tragedy occurred."

"TOMMY, you have written this sentence: 'The pen is mightier as the sword,' and it is incorrect. How should it be changed?"

"Pen ought to be changed to typewriter, ma'am."

THE great magazine editor sneered.

"What right have you," he asked, "to think you'll ever make a poet?"

"Well, sir," the youth said timidly, "I've been fasting man in a penny show for the last two seasons."

"WHAT!" shouted the patron of the restaurant. "Seven shillings and sixpence for coffee and a roll and butter! It's outrageous. I won't pay it."

"Yes, you will," calmly announced the proprietor. "My wife went into your millinery shop yesterday and paid fifty shillings for some wire frame, covered with two feet of lace, and an artificial rose. Now you see how it feels, don't you?"

THE FAILURE.

THE man of learning strolled into his club at about 11 a.m.

"It's a strange thing," he told the members present, "but I was shaved this morning by a man who really is, I suppose, a little above the ordinary barber. I know, for instance, that he took a double first-class at Oxford, that he studied at Heidelberg afterwards, and spent several years in other foreign educational centres.

"He has also contributed scientific articles to our best magazines, and has numbered among his intimate friends men of the highest social standing. And yet," exclaimed the savant, "he can't shave a man decently."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the younger members, in astonishment. "But, with all those accomplishments, what is he a barber for?"

"Oh, he isn't a barber!" said the book-worm, smiling. "I shaved myself this morning!"

"Now," said the physician, "you will have to eat plain food and not stay out late at night."

"Yes," replied the patient, "that is what I have been thinking ever since you sent in your bill."

Prizes Are Waiting—Avaunt, Wretched Procrastination. Try to make Triplets without delay. A big prize may be yours.

The World's Best Stories

Told Week by Week.

The Star Turn.

MR. GILBERT L. JESSOP, the famous cricketer, who played a brilliant innings against Worcester the other week, and scored twenty-six runs in one over, tells a story of an amateur umpire.

Jessop was playing in an unimportant match at a seaside resort and went in to bat early in the afternoon. But, alas! after making ten runs during the first over he was run out.

The usual cry of "How's that, umpire?" was raised, and in reply the umpire, with shameless deliberation, answered:

"Not out!"

After the match Jessop sought the umpire, and asked the reason of his decision.

"Do you think I was going to give you out on a Saturday afternoon, with all these holiday folk come on purpose to see you?" was the astounding reply.

A Cash Substitute.

PRINCE ALBRECHT of Prussia was invited once as the principal guest to a dinner given by the colonel of his regiment. The house lay at a distance from the roadway and was approached by an avenue of sombre trees, up which the Prince was walking.

Suddenly a maidservant appeared in the darkness, and before he had time to speak, kissed him effusively and pressed a little parcel into his hand.

"Here's threepence and a sausage for you. I can't come out to-night, as master has company," she whispered in his ear, and disappeared as mysteriously as she had come.

The astonished Prince retraced his steps, and, coming upon a soldier of his company loitering by the gate, inquired for whom he was waiting.

"I am expecting my sweetheart, your Highness," said the man.

"Where is she in service?" asked the Prince.

"At the Colonel's, your Highness."

"Ah, then I am right. Here, my son, is a threepenny-piece and a sausage from your sweetheart, who wishes me to tell you that she cannot meet you to-night, as her master has company."

Then, seeing that the unfortunate man seemed paralysed with fright, he added, kindly:

"Your love also gave me a kiss for you, but you do not expect me, I trust, to return it! No? Well, here is five shillings in its stead."

The Sportswoman.

THERE was a well-known sporting lady, whose name often appears in the Society papers, who had a most unhappy reputation for her shooting customs. On one occasion a certain gentleman, whom we will call James, was placed the next gun to her in a ride through a cover.

After the first few shots James saw that his position was extremely perilous. Just below him were the remains of an old saw-pit, and into this retreat he escaped, preferring to lose many pheasants rather than to get a few pellets into him.

He was, however, very much ashamed of himself, especially as he saw the pheasants streaming over the place where he should have been standing, and he knew that his host wanted to make a good bag.

Presently the drive was over, but before he could get out of the saw-pit, he saw the face of his host, who was also the husband of the lady, staring at him over the edge.

"Hullo!" said James feebly.

"Hullo!" said the host.

"I'm sorry I had to come down here," said James, "but the fact was——"

"Oh, that's all right," said the host, "I was the next gun on the other side of Emily, and I got into a hollow tree."

The Super's Mistake.

DURING a performance of the late well-known Irish comedian, Charles Sullivan, in one of our provincial theatres, a super was noticed by the actor to be indulging in hearty laughter. Upon being asked the reason, he replied:

"Mister Sullivan, I can't help laughing at you, you are so funny."

So flattered was the actor at this tribute to his powers that he presented the astonished super with half a crown.

A few months later Barry Sullivan, the tragedian, was fulfilling a short engagement at the same theatre.

The same super, who had a better memory for names than faces, was still engaged there.

At the end of a declamatory speech, when dead silence reigned, a burst of laughter startled everyone.

The angry tragedian strode to the wings and in a loud stage whisper, demanded the reason of such unseemly mirth.

In the midst of another peal of laughter, a voice replied:

"Oh, Mr. Sullivan, you are so funny, I can't help laughing!"

He did not get his half-crown!

The Escaped Hippo.

MANY of the little dramas enacted at the Zoo are never divulged to the public.

Sometimes the animals get out without the consent of their keepers. One which did so was Obash, the hippopotamus. He proved a savage indeed when the attempt was made to deprive him of his liberty. Happily, the Gardens were closed at the time.

Try as they would, the keepers could not entice or coerce the monster in the direction of his den. At last the superintendent called up an assistant whom the hippopotamus hated.

The chief put a banknote into the man's hand.

"Scott," he said, "throw open the paddock gate, show yourself to Obash, then run for it!" Scott did. The animal went for him raging, along the path, and after him into the paddock.

Scott climbed the railings just in time, and the hippopotamus, on turning, found the gate secured behind it.

Presently a Press representative arrived to investigate the story, which had somehow become known.

"Hippopotamus escaped? Oh, dear no! Come and see him in his den," he was answered as they led him to where the monster was re-caged.

Speaking English.

ACQUIRING information solely from books leads one into many a hole. Frederick Moore tells the story of an Italian official of the Ottoman Bank who had taught himself English and was enraptured at the chance to practise it on English people.

It was with much pride that he addressed the visitors at supper. But they did not recognise the language he spoke, and expressed in French their unfortunate ignorance of foreign tongues.

"That is your own tongue," said the Italian; but even of this statement they understood not a word.

He drew a pencil from his pocket and on the back of a letter he wrote:

"I am speaking English."

The visitors were astounded.

"Perhaps I do not pronounce correctly," he wrote next. "I have learned the noble language from books."

A hilarious Englishman in the party gave the unhappy Italian his first real lesson at once. He took the pencil and wrote:

"Always pronounce English as it is not spelt. Spell as it is not pronounced."

Pleasing the Sultan.

KAID BELTON tells the following story, which illustrates exactly the attitude of the Sultan of Morocco towards the French.

One day the Sultan asked a lady, the wife of his dentist, to play one of the pianos that was in the room of the Palace. She played several pieces, one of them at length catching the Sultan's fancy, whereupon the following little dialogue took place:

Sultan: "That piece is very nice. What is it called?"

Dentist: "It is the 'March on Cadiz.' It was written to commemorate the Spaniards driving the French out of Spain."

Sultan: "What, were the French in Spain?"

Dentist: "Yes."

Sultan: "How many of them?"

Dentist: "About two hundred thousand."

Sultan (in a surprised tone): "And the Spaniards drove them out?"

Dentist: "Yes, every one of them."

There was a slight pause while the Sultan was thinking hard, and then:

Sultan (quietly): "Play it again."

Lord Kelvin's Chalk.

WHEN the late Professor William Thomson, afterwards Lord Kelvin, was at Glasgow, his absorption in his work was very great, especially his class work, and he much disliked to be brought down to earth by any slight chance or inconvenience.

On one occasion, after working out part of a calculation on the long-fixed blackboard on the wall behind the table, his chalk gave out, and he dropped his hand down to the long ledge which projected from the bottom of the board to find another piece.

None was there, and he had to walk a step or two to obtain one. So he enjoined M'Farlane, his assistant, who was always in attendance, to have a sufficient number of pieces on the ledge in future to enable him to find one handy wherever he might need it.

M'Farlane forgot the injunction, or could not obtain more chalk at the time, and the same thing happened the next day. So the command was issued, "M'Farlane, I told you to get plenty of chalk, and you haven't done it. Now have a hundred pieces of chalk on this ledge to-morrow; remember, a hundred pieces. I will count them."

M'Farlane, afraid to be caught napping again, sent that afternoon for several boxes of chalk, and carefully laid the new, shining, white sticks on the shelf, all neatly parallel, at an angle to the edge.

The shelf was about sixteen feet long, so that there was one piece of chalk for every two inches, and the effect was very fine.

The class the next morning was delighted, and very appreciative of M'Farlane's diligence. Thomson came in, put up his eyeglass, looked at the display, smiled sweetly, and, turning to the applauding students, began his lecture.

The Odd Corner

The Editor will give one of the famous P.W. *penknives to any reader who sends him a paragraph accepted for this column. If there is more than one sender of a paragraph used, the penknife will be awarded to the reader whose contribution was received first.*

A QUESTION OF NUMBERS.

ANDREW and Jamie were two shepherds, and whilst taking home their flocks they met. Said Andrew to Jamie:

"If you will give me four of your sheep I shall have as many as you."

But Jamie was not a philanthropist. He answered:

"If you give me four of your sheep I shall have *five times* as many as you."

How many sheep had each shepherd?

Solution below.

PROVING HIM.

HERE is a quaint little Turkish fable:

As a woman was strolling along a road a man started to follow her.

"Why," said she, "do you follow me?"

"Because," he replied, "I have fallen in love with you?"

"My sister," said she, "who is coming after me is much handsomer than I. Go and make love to her."

The man turned back and saw a woman with an ugly face, and, being greatly displeased, returned and said:

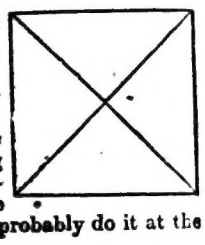
"Why did you tell me a falsehood?"

The woman replied:

"To discover if you were telling me the truth. If you were in love with me why did you go back for another woman?"

IN A MIRROR.

ALMOST everyone can draw a simple square and lines stretched from the four corners, as shown here: but ask any of your friends to try and draw it with the aid of a small mirror, looking only at the drawing reflected in the mirror, and not at the paper itself. Try it yourself first, and you will be surprised at the difficulty of getting the pencil to travel in the right direction, especially when making the diagonal lines. Not one in ten will probably do it at the first attempt.



A DOMINO TRICK.

ASK a friend to think of a domino, not necessarily a double. Tell him to multiply the spots on one half of it by five. Then ask him to add seven to the result and to double *this* result. He should then add the spots on the other half of the domino to the total.

Now ask your friend to tell you what the above arithmetical calculations come to.

No matter what domino your friend chooses—of course, excepting the double blank—you can tell what it is by simply subtracting fourteen from the amount your friend tells you.

This trick is not easy to explain, but the following example will help.

Say your friend thinks of the 6-4, and selects the half with six on it. Then five sixes are thirty; adding seven, he gets thirty-seven; double this is seventy four. He adds in the other half of the domino—a four—and this makes the total seventy-eight.

He tells you seventy-eight.

You subtract fourteen from this amount and sixty-four remains. You then know that the domino he thought of was the 6-4.

THE MAN WHO TALKS.

You can't start upon a subject but he has to have his say,
To give you his opinions—all moth-eaten, by the way—
On politics and preaching,
On aviation teaching,
On how to run a hen farm in a manner that will pay,
Though the hens refuse to lay.
Through the day and through the night words and phrases he will string,
But the trouble with the fellow is he never says a thing.

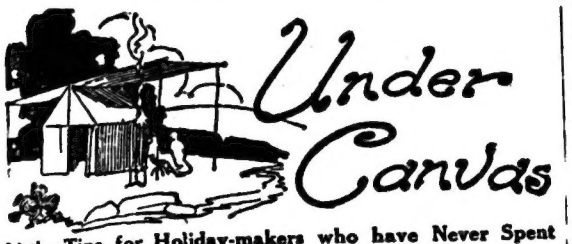
He'll analyse and criticise and dogmatise all night,
And think that you must listen with great profit and delight,
And nothing less than snoring
Will convince him that he's boring,
And to snore when someone's talking is considered impolite—
Quite a rudeness and a slight.
But I think that the conventions to the winds I'll have to fling,
For the trouble with the fellow is he never says a thing.

SOLUTION.

A QUESTION OF NUMBERS.

ANDREW had eight sheep and Jamie had sixteen.

Easy And Original—Enter At Once. Big cash prizes are offered for Triplets. Turn to the first page.



Little Tips for Holiday-makers who have Never Spent a Fortnight Camping-out.

WITH camping as a way of spending a summer holiday growing more and more popular every year, numberless inventions and improvements in the camper's outfit are constantly being made, and a peep into the latest "under canvas" kit will doubtless vastly astonish ninety-nine people out of every hundred. Let us peep.

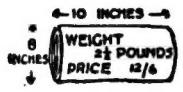
First, the tent itself. A neatly rolled little bundle, about ten inches long and eight through the middle, weighing under two pounds and a half—that is the newest type of tent "in repose."

It is called the "Cottage" (because it looks like a cottage when pitched); it is generally made of cotton lawn, and it can be bought for as little as twelve and sixpence! It is not a toy, this tent, but a serviceable article, which can stand as much rain and wind as it is likely to get in a corner of a field in an average July or August.

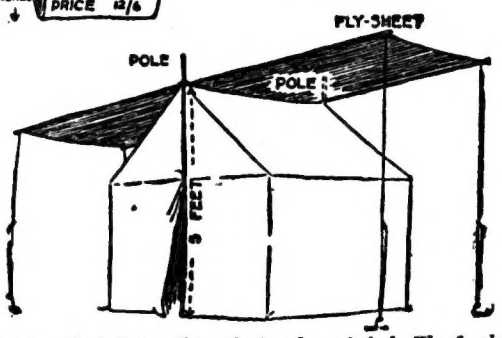
The pole of this tent is made of bamboo, and joints up like a fishing rod, and its fly-sheet—the fly-sheet is a piece of lawn which is used to turn the A-shaped roof into a flat one—folds up into the size of a *Pearson's Weekly* quartered almost.

Erected, the "Cottage" stands five feet, and provides plenty of sleeping room for two people. The "Gypsy" tent is another excellent small one, but the "Cottage" is the most used one by individual or companion campers to-day.

The rest of the outfit required for a holiday under canvas are guys, slides, and pegs (aluminium ones are the best); waterproof ground-sheet, blanket, eiderdown, pillow, and sleeping bag; stove, pans, plate (enamelled cups and saucers), kettle, teapot, and canvas provision bags; and paraffin (for stove), matches, washing materials, candles, canvas bucket, and personal requisites. The whole outfit can be bought for about £3, and can be carried (mostly in two Japanese baskets) on one bicycle.



The "Cottage" tent rolled up.



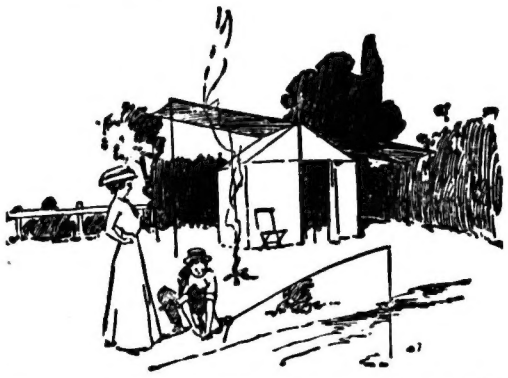
This is how the "Cottage" tent looks when pitched. The fly-sheet gives it a square roof and provides cover for bicycles and other accessories outside.

Any farmer, if approached tactfully, will allow you to set up your tent in his field for sixpence or so a night, and it is always best to pitch in a corner of a field, and, if possible, with your back to the wind. By going into a corner you get a hedge behind you and another hedge on one side.

Don't go under trees, however, for if it rains the continual dripping off the leaves on to your tent will surely keep you awake; also flies will abound.

In pitching, see that the four corners of your tent are "square," otherwise your tent will not "set" properly, and, if the ground is sloping, remember, for sleeping purposes, to put the head of your tent higher than the foot.

Before putting down the beds it is advisable to clear the ground of all stones, thorns, twigs, and so on, and to put some hay or straw (over the waterproof sheet) where the hips will come. A Japanese basket and the camper's pillow (a little thing nine inches by seven) will be found sufficient rest for the head, but it is a good plan to put your undervest and shirt under your head, too—it keeps them dry for the morning.



Pitch the tent in a corner of a field if possible; you will thus have a hedge on two sides of you as protection from the wind.

Bearing on this, do not be afraid of a well-ventilated tent. It is not the air which comes in through the top or door which hurts, but that which rises from the ground. The door should never be tightly fastened unless in severe weather.

Also, don't sleep in tight clothes—they retard the circulation. A bag is the best thing to sleep in, but pyjamas and a sweater will do very well. It is a tip to tie a silk handkerchief round the throat at nights to prevent soreness.

As regards ordinary everyday clothes, it is wise to take a complete change with you—rain has an unthoughtful habit of coming on when the camper is several miles from home. Old, dark-coloured flannels are the most useful clothes in camp.

Most provisions can be got at a farm house, but it may be sometimes necessary to ride into an adjacent town or village for things. If bread should be among these things always buy it last, as loaves are terribly awkward to stow away and carry.

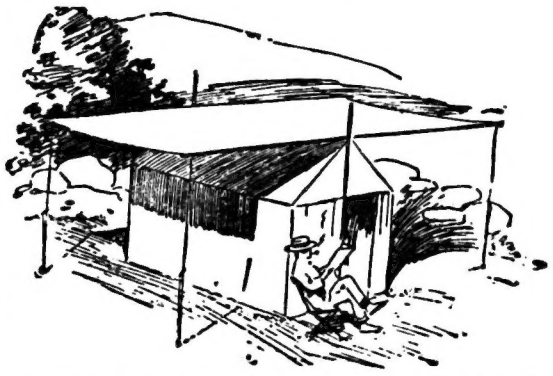
Don't pitch your camp under trees; trees mean flies and no sleep if it has rained recently.

Of course, if you are located near a town, tradesmen can be got to call for orders; and the local postman will deliver your letters by pinning them on to the tent door.

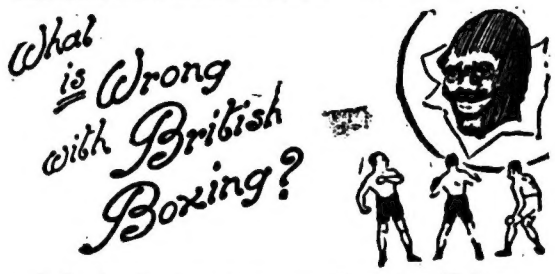
People who think about taking up camping seriously will do well to become members of a good club, such as the Amateur Camping Club, of which Captain Robert Scott, the polar explorer, is president.

Membership of this club (annual subscription five shillings) is useful in several ways—you can get a monthly list of desirable sites, you can inspect and buy, at the cheapest rates, everything new in camp outfit, and you have a sort of mark of respectability and responsibility in the eyes of farmers.

The joys of camping need not be expatiated upon here. Those who have found them out need no telling; those who have not can rest assured that they have a great treat in store if they are willing to search for it.



If you set up your tent on sloping ground, remember that, when sleeping, your head should be higher than your heels.



And why the Americans are Champion Fighters.

(At the present moment Britain, the home of the "noble art of self-defence," does not hold a single world's boxing championship. This clearly points to there being something wrong with British boxing. What is wrong is explained here by an eminent authority on boxing, who, however, for reasons of etiquette connected with his profession, must remain anonymous.)

I THINK it would be easy to make too much of the fact that at present Britain does not hold any of the world's boxing championships.

In one or two cases the nominal champion's right to the title is open to question, and Driscoll was certainly very unlucky to lose in his recent contest for the Feather-Weight Championship of the World.

Still, there is no doubt that in boxing we have fallen behind. The reasons for this decline are not far to seek. First of all, the continued exodus from the country to the towns has had a bad effect on national physique, though I admit that some fine pugilists have come from the slums.

Where Are the Heavyweights?

But British boxing is particularly weak in heavyweights; it is many years since we had a really good big man, and at the moment it would be impossible to name a British heavyweight who would have a reasonable chance against the coloured champion.

By the way, my friend Mr. Eugene Corri, the well-known boxing referee, was recently reported as having told an interviewer that in Bombardier Wells, a young ex-soldier, he had found a man who could beat Johnson.

I have Mr. Corri's authority for stating that he never said anything of the kind. He never even mentioned Johnson. All he did say was that in Wells he thought there were the makings of a future champion.

However, as I was saying, the rush to the towns may have something to do with the dearth of big, strong men, while the Board Schools are probably responsible to some extent for the general decline of British boxing. In America many professional boxers belong to the middle-classes—Jimmy Britt, I believe, is an ex-Harvard man; Corbett was a bank-clerk—but here the professional pugilist is recruited entirely from the working classes, who are educated by the Board Schools, and these institutions do not encourage boxing.

Lads who formerly ran wild in the streets and grew up hardy, rough and tumble fighters, are now coralled—no doubt for their good—into schools where fighting of any kind is discouraged.

Then, we are softer than we were. The fact that a Board School master hardly dare punish a boy for fear of being summoned for assault, does not tend to make the working classes, from whom, as I say, British boxers are drawn, hardy, manly, and well-disciplined.

Britishers Are in a Rut.

These, in my opinion, are minor causes of the decline of British boxing; but to come to the major ones, the first great one is the fact that the British boxer does not treat boxing as a profession or business. The British boxer is a better man in some ways than he used to be, better-behaved, better educated, and less given to drunken orgies. Nevertheless, he is still often stupid and blind, or indifferent, to his own interests. He is content with stereotyped methods of training and boxing, whereas the American is always trying something new.

I have met many American boxers and I never found two that trained alike. Each had worked out the system that he found did him most good, and all had invented special exercises for themselves.

The British boxer would not take so much trouble; he trains by the book or under the direction of someone as incompetent as himself.

But the main trouble is that our men won't make a business of boxing, and the American does.

Take a man, for instance, like the Chicago lad, Packy Macfarland. He has never smoked or touched alcohol in his life. It is not because he is prejudiced against either, but he early made up his mind to be a boxer, and knowing that beer and 'bacca, even in strict moderation, do a boxer no good, he determined to eschew them until he retired from the ring.

They Don't Box Enough.

Non-smoking, teetotal British boxers are rare. Some of them go on the spree as soon as a contest is over, though that sort of thing is dying out. But even the careful ones think that they may safely drink and smoke in moderation when not in training.

A man like Macfarland is *always* fit, for he knows that if a man once lets himself down he can never get back to quite the same pitch as before.

Another fatal mistake made by British boxers is that they do not box enough. They seldom or never practise except when actually preparing for a match.

The American boxers are always practising, our men do it by fits and starts.

Then, even when in regular training, our men do not box enough.

On going into training the British boxer hides himself. He may have occasional privileged visitors, but he does not welcome them. The American's training quarters, on the other hand, are practically open to the public. He likes them to come, for their presence stimulates him and makes him do his best.

The Britisher has, as a rule, only one sparring partner. Continual sparring with the same man is monotonous work, they soon get to know each other's capabilities, and inevitably they become slack and bored with the whole thing.

The American has at least four sparring partners, and he boxes with them one after another a round or two at a time. Thus he gets four to eight rounds of very quick work against fresh and different opponents.

You Might Win—Your Wealth Multiplied. Try for a Triplets prize to-day.

"The Passive Resister"

A Really Delightful River Romance.

By SCUDAMORE JARVIS.

"Joan—Joan, come here. Quick!"

The hammock under the trees stirred slightly, and a magazine dropped from the pile of cushions at the head.

"Joan," came the shrill, high-pitched voice again, "do hurry."

This time the hammock heaved, and a dark, curly head came over one side, while a slim ankle neatly incased in brown stockings appeared on the other.

"What is it?" asked a sleepy voice, as its owner sat up and rubbed a pair of glorious brown eyes with one hand, while she smoothed her hair with the other. "Can't you leave me in peace for five minutes? Where are you?"

A lanky girl of the flapper species appeared from behind the shrubbery and ran quickly across the lawn, her long, black legs twinkling under her abbreviated skirt.

"There's that horrid little Cockney sitting on the lawn," she panted. "You know, the one with the black and green hat-band, who was so rude to you the other day."

"Oh," said the elder girl, with an indignant gasp, "the one who kissed his hand to me the other evening and called me 'ducky'? Are you certain?"

"Positive; he'd got his back to me, and I recognised him at once. His boat's moored at our landing-stage, and he's smoking a cigarette on our lawn. The beast!"

"Is Jack in?" asked Joan eagerly. "If so, I'll get him to throw the little worm in."

"Jack went out in the punt an hour ago," replied the flapper, "but why trouble about him? The little rat is awfully puny, and with your Sandow exercises you ought to be a match for anybody."

The elder girl swung herself out of the hammock and stood up, a perfect specimen of womanhood. Taller than the average, and of magnificent proportions, she looked a veritable Amazon, and one that a footpad would think twice of accosting.

"I think I am, kid," she said quietly, "and I'm going to throw him into the river. To be insulted as I was at the regatta is a thing I don't forget in a hurry, and though I suppose it would be more lady-like to ignore the little reptile, I've sufficient of the savage in me to make me long to give him a good hiding. Come down and watch."

In a twitter of excitement at the fun in store, the flapper ran by her sister's side to the lawn, where the figure of their quarry lay extended on the grass, a cigarette between his lips, his eyes on the clear, blue vault above.

Engrossed in day-dreams, he did not hear the approaching footsteps until he was confronted by the two girls who stood over him forbiddingly.

"What are you doing here?" asked Joan indignantly. "Do you know you're trespassing?"

"I—er—I'm——"

"This is not the first time I've seen you—you behaved like the little cad you are at the regatta the other day, and now I'm going to chastise you for it. Get up," and a strong white hand seized his collar in no gentle grasp and heaved him to his feet.

"I think you've made a mistake," appealed the little man, as he felt himself propelled towards the water.

"Oh, no, I haven't, and I'm going to throw you into the river," and before the man could prevent her, she had placed one foot before his legs, and, with a heave from behind, had sent him flying off the bank into the water.

"That will teach you manners," she said coolly, and with one glance at his bobbing head to assure herself that her tormentor could swim, she turned on her heel and walked swiftly towards the house.

"Oh, it was splendid," gurgled the flapper. "How ripping to be able to throw men about like that."

"D'you think so?" replied Joan thoughtfully. "I feel rather a beast. He didn't struggle a bit when I threw him in."

"Of course, he didn't," said the other admiringly. "He was afraid to, and, besides, he wouldn't have had a chance against you."

"I wonder," mused Joan. "I've never pitted my strength against a man's before, but I always thought that even the smallest had more muscle than women, and he wasn't so little as I had imagined."

"Anyway, you taught him a lesson," said the flapper, "and I don't suppose he will forget it in a hurry. Hallo, here's Jack, just in time to be too late, as usual."

"Seen Captain Frampton anywhere?" asked Jack, as he came up.

"No, who is he? I've never met him," replied Joan. "No one has called since you've been out."

"He's in the Indian Army," explained Jack, looking around him anxiously. "I've not seen him since we were at Sandhurst together, and I ran up against him to-day on the river. I had to cart old Mother Jenkins down to the lock, so I asked him to go and wait on the lawn till I came back. I suppose he must have got sick of——"

"On the lawn?" squealed the flapper excitedly.

"On the lawn," repeated Joan blankly.

"Yes, yes—on the lawn," replied Jack irritably. "For Heaven's sake don't stand there like a couple of scared fillies. Where is he?"

"In the river," gurgled the flapper. "Oh, my hat!"

"Was he wearing a black and green hat-band?" gasped Joan.

"What on earth's the matter with you?" said Jack angrily. "Yes, he *was* wearing a black and green hat-band—the regimental colours of the Goorkhas."

"Then I threw him in the river," replied Joan, with a gasp. "Oh, what shall I do?"

"Threw — him — in — the — river! What the dickens are you talking about?" And then Joan shamefacedly explained the whole dreadful business.

"You threw Dick Frampton in the river!" burst out Jack, in doubt whether to be furiously angry or intensely amused.

"Yes, yes," said Joan, in agonised tones.

"And I've asked him to dine this evening—I'll run down to the hotel. I expect he's gone back to change. By Jove! Joan, you'll feel several different sorts of a fool when you meet him to-night."

"Oh, don't bring him back," pleaded Joan; but with a burst of laughter her brother had disappeared down the drive.

"You're in a nice hole, Joan, and I wouldn't be in your shoes this evening for something," was all the comfort her sister could offer the heroine, and with agonised feelings Joan went upstairs to dress and prepare herself for the ordeal.

When one has trodden on a man's toe or jabbed him in the face with an umbrella, it is easy to pass the matter off with a murmured, "I'm extremely sorry," but how to apologise to a man whom one has seized by the scruff of the neck and heaved into the river without so much as "By your leave," Joan could not for the life of her decide.

However, if Captain Frampton, after the summary treatment he had received at her hands, could bring himself to face the redoubtable Amazon again, she would have to get through the painful ordeal somehow, and, with fast beating heart and flushed cheeks, she nervously walked into the drawing-room.

As she had feared, her victim was there talking to her brother, and now that she saw him in his well-fitting dress-clothes, with his sun-burnt, clean-cut face, showing dark brown against his white collar, she wondered how she could ever have mistaken this well-bred, smart-looking man for the objectionable Cockney of unpleasant memory. True, he was short, but not absurdly so, and his well-knit, slim figure had nothing in common with that of the amorous Londoner for whom he had been mistaken.

"Captain Frampton—my sister Joan," said Jack, bringing his guest forward. "I think you have already had the pleasure of meeting," with a sly smile at Joan's flushed face.

"I have had that pleasure," said Dick Frampton laughingly, "and I have to thank Miss Chadwick for a most cool and refreshing bath."

"What must you think of me, Captain Frampton?" murmured poor Joan. "The sun was so bright I could hardly see you, and I mistook you for an objectionable man who insulted me the other day."

"I hope I don't bear a great facial resemblance to the gentleman in question?"

"Oh, not in the slightest—not the slightest," burst out Joan in confusion. "I'm really most awfully sorry, and don't know what to say to express my regret."

"Please don't say any more about it," replied Dick cheerfully. "An incident like that is most refreshing. I assure you the originality of it caused me a most delightful shock, and as I was feeling very warm I quite enjoyed my swim back to the hotel, though I must admit I was somewhat puzzled at my reception. I shall certainly have a huge respect for the muscular powers of the fair sex in future."

Contrary to her expectations dinner that evening was not such a dreadful business as Joan had anticipated. Dick Frampton proved to be a most entertaining and amusing man, and once she had forgotten the unpleasant incident of the afternoon, she entered heartily into the conversation, although occasionally she paused and blushed furiously when she recollected that only a few hours before she had seized her guest by the scruff of the neck and bundled him head first into the river.

Frampton was on six months' leave from India, and as he had no settled headquarters in England he was only too glad to accept Jack's invitation to put in a few weeks on the river.

The attraction of the Thames and his old friend's company may have had something to do with this; but, though he did not admit it even to himself, the true reason of his pleasure was that he had found himself irresistibly attracted to his fair assailant.

For the next fortnight he was constantly in her company, and by the time his visit was drawing to a close he had to confess that Joan Chadwick was the only girl in the world for him, and that unless he could persuade her to return to India with him next trooping season, life would hold but little charm for him.

"I shall be leaving to-morrow, Miss Chadwick," he remarked one lazy afternoon, as he lay back on the cushions in the stern of the boat and gazed admiringly at the lovely face half hidden by the wide-brimmed hat.

"So soon?" said Joan, looking round at him. "I thought your leave was not up for another fortnight?"

"Yes, but I have to go to town and get my kit ready. I don't suppose I shall be back in England again for another six years or more—worse luck," and he glanced anxiously at his companion for some sign of regret; but if she felt it she certainly hid it well.

"I shall often think of the happy time I've spent here, when I'm back in the East," he went on, his voice taking a deeper tone.

"I wonder if you'll think of the day when you first met me," interrupted Joan, with a laugh.

"I shall think of it a great deal," replied Dick gravely. "It was the luckiest thing that ever happened to me, for I met you then, and since that day, Joan, I've thought of no one else. You're everything in the world to me, dear, and if you can care for me I am going to ask you to give up all this"—he waved his hand to indicate the glories of the peaceful British scenery—"and come back with me to India. Will you be my wife, Joan?"

"I'm so sorry, Captain Frampton," said Joan quietly, as the blood ebbed from her face. "I never thought for a moment that you—oh, I'm afraid it's hopeless!"

"Then you don't love me, Joan?" asked Dick, a little choke in his voice, his face going white under its tan.

"No—I don't. I'm so sorry. I like you immensely—more than any other man I've ever met, but I don't love—so it's no use, is it?" with a little helpless gesture.

"I suppose not," said Dick gloomily, gazing across the river with unseeing eyes. "I suppose not, but I had hoped. Is there any reason, Joan? If you like me better than any other man, you might alter—you might grow to love me in time."

The girl did not reply, but a deep flush spread over her face and she turned her head away.

"Is there any reason?" the man repeated.

"Yes. I expect you'll think it very ridiculous, but as you insist on knowing I will tell you. I hope it won't hurt your feelings?"

"No—no! Tell me. I would rather know."

"Well, the man I marry must be my superior in physical strength—and you remember that—afternoon."

"Oh, so that is it," said Dick, with a hard laugh. "Well we can't wipe that out, so I suppose no more need be said."

"I'm so sorry, Captain Frampton," pleaded the girl "Please don't be cross with me, but I could never really look up to a man whom I knew to be my physical inferior. I hate to tell you, but you asked me, you know."

"Yes," said Dick between his teeth, "it's all right. Shall we be getting back? It's half-past six."

In silence they rowed back to the boathouse, the girl sitting in the stern with a troubled look in her clear eyes while Dick, a grim expression on his face, swung steadily at the sculls, endeavouring to forget his discomfiture and grief in hard pulling.

"If you don't mind, I'll hurry up to the house, as I have some letters to write before dinner," said Joan, as Dick helped her out of the skiff, and, without waiting for a reply, she went off up the shrubbery walk, leaving him to tie up the boat and collect the hampers.

"What a brute I am," she thought, as she recalled the scene that had just taken place. "I believe I really love him—or at least I could quite easily if it had not been for that unfortunate episode. But how could I marry a man I know I can pick up like a child? It's too ridiculous, but it ought not really to count, for Jack says he's a fine soldier and has done well on the Frontier. Oh, I hate myself."

"'Scuse me, lady, but I'd like a word with you," said a gruff voice at her elbow, and turning quickly with a little gasp of dismay, she found herself facing a particularly forbidding and brawny specimen of the tramp fraternity.

"What do you want?" she asked, with a rather poor attempt at nonchalance.

"To be plain, lady, I want your watch, purse, and them pretty bangles. Quick now, 'and 'em over, as my mother's 'Small profits, quick returns,'" and the man stepped threateningly towards her.

For a moment Joan felt inclined to fly, but as she saw that her chance of escape was small, she decided to trust to her much vaunted strength, and her knowledge of jujitsu that had proved so successful in Captain Frampton's case.

The tramp, seeing that she made no attempt to remove her jewellery, seized her roughly by the wrist and drew her towards him, and as he did so Joan realised how puny her strength really was when pitted against a man's. In vain she struggled in the grasp of her tormentor, but with consummate ease he avoided all her pitiful little wrestling tricks, and with one hand had started to remove the bracelets from her wrist when a white figure came running swiftly up the path.

"Hold him, Joan, till I come!" shouted Dick, and the tramp, seeing that the game was up, turned to meet the newcomer.

"Hallo, me little bantam-cock, wot d'yer want?" he sneered, looking down at Dick from his six feet of muscle and brawn.

"That!" said Dick, and springing in quick as lightning he brought his fists left and right on either side of the tramp's head.

"Well, I'll be blowed, but you can hit!" he snarled. "Now look out!" and he dashed in, swinging his great arms like flails.

Joan screamed with apprehension, expecting every moment to see Dick felled to the ground, stunned and bleeding; but hopping lightly away he allowed the vicious blows to whiz past his head or expend themselves aimlessly in the air a few inches from his face. Then, seizing the opportunity when the big man had overreached himself, he dashed in and delivered three stinging punches with lightning rapidity, bringing off a terrific uppercut as the tramp reeled back.

The bigger man was not liking the situation at all, and coming to the conclusion that his despised opponent was doing him no good, he glanced apprehensively over his shoulder seeking a line of retreat; but Dick was on him before he could turn.

A hard jolt in the region of the heart had the tramp gasping for breath, and then, catching him round the body Dick threw him heavily to the ground, where he lay piteously whining for mercy.

"Take that to the police station," said Dick coolly as the gardener and a footman came up. "I'll come down and charge him later with attempted highway robbery," and then, turning to Joan, he offered her his arm. "Shall we go and change for dinner, Miss Chadwick?"

"Oh, Dick, you were splendid! How did you do it? You didn't tell me you could box or wrestle."

"You didn't ask," replied Dick, taking her hand in his. "If you had I would have told you that I was winner of the Army Light Weights this year."

"And I thought you were my physical inferior. What must you think of my ridiculous boasting? Will you ever forgive me?"

"On one condition. It's a big condition, and will cost you a lot. Do you agree?"

Apparently Joan did agree, for in the list of passengers on the P. and O. *Karachi* next month were the names of Captain and Mrs. Frampton, bound for Bombay; but Mrs. Frampton has never quite understood how she managed to throw her husband into the river. Possibly she does not understand the meaning of "Passive Resister."

Holidays Paid For—Father Has Prizemoney. Have you tried for a Triplet prize yet? Turn to the first page.

No more X-Ray Martyrs

About a Wonderful Contrivance for the Protection of X-Ray Operators.

THE recent death of Mr. Harry Cox has once more drawn public attention to the terrible dangers of the X-Rays. These rays, so deadly to the operator and investigator, have achieved a revolution in surgical procedure second only to the introduction of chloroform.

Apart from their use for the finding of bullets and other foreign bodies, they have been of inestimable service in the treatment of fractures, and to that many a limb to-day bears witness.

The dreadful disease to which the rays give rise was first noticed shortly after Professor Rontgen's discovery. About this time many operators travelled through the country giving demonstrations of the marvellous properties of the rays. One of the commonest experiments was for the operator to hold up his hand so that the rays passed through it, and thus a shadow of the bones of the hand was shown on a specially prepared screen.

Started by Pains in the Arms.

After some months of such experiments the operators experienced severe pains in the hands and arms, followed by a wartiness of the skin, rigidity of joints and subsequent ulceration, often necessitating amputation of the limbs. This was the first appearance of the fatal disease now called "X-Ray Dermatitis."

Naturally, this soon ended these public exhibitions, but the malady was not stamped out; it reappeared amongst the brilliant little band of investigators who took up the subject, and from that day to this has claimed a rapidly increasing toll of martyrs.

The sufferings of Dr. Hall-Edwards are still fresh in the public mind, and to him are due many protections and safeguards which are hoped to minimise the danger for the future.

He found that the rays were unable to pass through lead, and he devised a glass containing a large amount of silicate of lead. This glass, which looks like slightly hazy, coarse plate-glass, is absolutely impervious to the rays.

Cabinets were made with this glass, and the patient and apparatus placed inside, while the operator watched and controlled from a position of comparative safety outside the cabinet.

Special Cabinets are now Used.

These were not entirely safe, however, as at least one operator found to his cost. The cabinet he used was placed on the table like a screen round about the patient. The top of this table formed the only barrier between the rays and the operator's legs. The rays passed as easily through the wooden table as light through glass, with the result that the dreaded disease appeared in his legs.

In many hospitals now special cabinets are employed, and the newest and finest installation is in the London Hospital.

Here a row of cubicles is provided for the patients and apparatus; the walls are lined to a height of six feet by a quarter-inch coating of lead and iron, and this coating is continuous with the leaden glass windows.

The apparatus is entirely controlled from without, and a small automatic switch on the door prevents the operator turning on the current until the door is shut, and more, if he desires to enter the cabinet, the opening of the door shuts off the current. The length of exposure to the rays is gauged by an instrument similar to the ordinary photographic light-meter, and an ingenious machine automatically cuts off the rays when the desired point is reached.

No Sleep for Six Years.

The whole of this installation, which gives absolute safety to both patient and operator, was designed and the cubicles manufactured by the X-Ray staff of the hospital.

The course of the disease resembles the condition produced by exposure to radium rays, but is much more general, the radium sore being more or less local, though exceedingly difficult to heal.

In X-Ray disease the most marked symptom is the growth of a multitude of painful warts and the accompanying terrible agony which will not yield to narcotics. So terrible is this that for more than six years Dr. Hall-Edwards has had practically no sleep. The warts appear to be due to some irritant action of the rays on the nerves of the skin and, as the disease progresses, the warts break, leaving open, ulcerating sores which defy ordinary treatment and even resist skin-grafting.

The use of the rays, it must be said, is fraught with no danger to the patient, who, in most cases, is exposed to them only once or twice, or, if oftener, at safe and carefully regulated intervals. The victims are found exclusively amongst those who have been working daily for long periods with the instruments, and these, in their self-imposed task of reducing the sum of human suffering, have given their lives for their fellows.

M.A.P.

TRAIN MURDER MYSTERIES.

THE happily rare species of murder of which the man Dickman has just been found guilty at Newcastle, was invented in 1864 by an alien named Muller.

This bloodthirsty ruffian killed a gentleman named Briggs in a carriage on the North London Railway, his sole object being robbery. He got away to America, but was followed, extradited, and hanged.

Seventeen years elapsed before the next crime of the kind was committed, and then Muller's methods were duplicated almost exactly by a scoundrel named Lefroy, or Mapleson, who shot dead a well-to-do man named Gold on the way to Brighton, afterwards robbing him and hurling his body through the carriage window on to the line. He, also, escaped for the time being, but, like Muller, he was eventually captured, and shared a like fate.

Since then there have been five or six other crimes of the kind committed in England, and several abroad. The last one here, prior to the Newcastle affair, occurred in January, 1901, when a man named Parker shot dead a Mr. Pearson on the South-Western line near Wimbledon, and wounded the only other occupant of the compartment, a lady named King. He, also, was captured and executed.

On the other hand, it was never known who murdered Miss Money in Merstham Tunnel, nor Frederick Archer in Canonbury Tunnel, nor the barmaid who was beaten to death with a pestle in a railway carriage near Croydon—all comparatively recent happenings.

HARD LINES!

[*It often happens that the things which are nicest are not good for us.*—Daily Paper.]

When I was young and had a nurse,
She often seemed to me perverse;
I should have been as pleased as Punch
To wolf the pudding for my lunch,
But she insisted I should eat
Two vegetables first, and meat.
She measured out the jam at tea—
Too much, she said, was bad for me.

I fell in love with darling May
And called to see her every day;
Yet, though she was as nice as nice,
She'd never kiss me more than twice,
So I complained, in grievous tones,
Whereat she went and married Jones.
She said that she could plainly see
Too much of her was bad for me.

Now that I'm old, decrepit, stout,
Quite bald, and crippled with the gout,
Far from my reach the doctors hike
What few remaining things I like.
Seductive drinks at once they bar,
And limit me to one cigar.
"Be careful!" chant the wretched crew,
"Too many smokes are bad for you!"

FRIENDLY "INVASIONS" OF ENGLAND.

IN a few weeks' time England will be "invaded" by some 600 officers and men of the Queen's Own Rifles, of Canada, who are being brought over here by their commanding officer, Sir Henry Pellatt, at his own expense. They are to be encamped at Aldershot, but it is probable that they will be marched through London, when they will be certain of a most enthusiastic welcome.

Not since Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee has there been seen the spectacle of Imperial troops from the Empire's over-seas dominions exercising on British soil. And then, it will be remembered, we had a complete assortment of them.

Once, too—and once only—a regiment enlisted under an alien flag, marched proudly with drums beating and colours flying through the streets of England's capital. This was the Honourable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, U.S.A., the members of which visited this country as the guests of the Honourable Artillery Company of London. They were given a great ovation by the English people, and were received at Windsor by the Queen.

Of course, there have occurred many isolated instances of unauthorised friendly "violations" of British territory.

Once, for example, some few years back, a party of French marines landed on the west coast of Ireland, and proceeded to carry out certain evolutions, and a number of Russian soldiers, from a transport which had broken down off the Lizard, did the same thing in Cornwall not long since. But too much importance need not be attached to this kind of "invasion."

Dead or Alive?

Some Stories of Deaths that were Supposed to be "Faked."

WHEN a man has made a "hash" of his life, one can easily understand how ardently he must long to be able to start afresh, away from the scenes and people that have witnessed his folly. One is tempted to speculate on this phase of human affairs on hearing that the Austrian Courts have announced that the Archduke Johann Salvator of Austria will be declared dead and his property distributed unless authentic proof of his existence is forthcoming within six months.

Austrian Archdukes seem born with a tendency to make a mess of things, and certainly the Archduke Johann did all that was humanly possible to bring about his own downfall.

He quarrelled with his relatives and the high officials about the Court, he published books adversely criticising the Army, of which he was an officer, and, finally, he contracted a secret marriage with an actress.

When this last indiscretion was discovered, the old Emperor was so angry that the Archduke saw there was nothing for it but flight.

They Sailed to Buenos Ayres.

He hurried to London with his young wife, renounced all his titles and dignities, and assumed the name of "Johann Orth."

He bought a sailing ship, which he named the *Margarita* after his wife, and in this way they sailed to Buenos Ayres. After a stay of some weeks they left in the *Margarita* for Valparaiso, via Cape Horn, and that is the last that was ever seen of them.

The idea has since gained ground that the Archduke simply wanted to "disappear" in order that he might make a fresh start, and that he so arranged things that it would appear he had gone down in the *Margarita*. Innumerable people have since declared that they have seen him. He has been positively recognised in the South Sea Islands, Australia, Japan, and New Zealand.

Nothing definite has ever been discovered, however, and now his heirs have decided to wind up his estate.

There are one or two other "dead" people who are declared by rumour to be still alive.

The most persistent of these rumours is, of course, connected with the name of General Sir Hector Macdonald, who has been declared most positively to be an officer in the Chinese army.

The Rumours of Oscar Wilde.

Another group of people are equally emphatic in declaring that the general did not commit suicide in Paris as was reported, but these give Japan as the scene of his present labours. They even go so far as to say that he is really none other than General Kuroki.

Paris seems to be the centre for this sort of "resurrection." Mr. Oscar Wilde is another who is said to have started life afresh by "dying" there. Every now and then the rumour crops up that he did not die in Paris as was reported, but is still alive and is still writing.

Yet another case from Paris is that of Colonel Henry, who became notorious in connection with the Dreyfus case.

Colonel Henry had risen from the ranks, and after a very creditable military career he was appointed chief of the French "espionnage" department. He first leaped into wide celebrity when, during the Zola trial, he called Colonel Picquart a liar. A duel was fought between the two officers as a result of this episode, and Colonel Henry was wounded.

Later he professed to have obtained from the servant of a high personage fragments of a letter that seemed to point to Dreyfus' guilt. After this document had been published with much joy by the anti-Dreyfus party, M. Cavaignac, the Minister for War, sent for Henry and cross-examined him. Henry became restless and embarrassed, and finally, to the horror of the Minister, he admitted that he had forged the incriminating document.

There was nothing for it but to arrest him, and almost immediately after he had been placed in the prison of Mont Valerien, Paris—and, indeed, the world—was startled to hear that he had committed suicide.

A Coffin Filled with Stones.

Some little time ago, however, the curious rumour went round Paris that the suicide had been "faked."

Another extraordinary case is that of the Emperor Alexander I. of Russia, who died very suddenly at Taganrog.

Various accounts of his death have been given, and though it is now generally accepted that the symptoms of his last illness point to natural causes, rumour was long busy suggesting murder or suicide.

A still more surprising story gained a certain amount of credence at the time. This was to the effect that the Emperor did *not* die at Taganrog, and that the coffin that was ceremoniously consigned to the imperial vaults contained nothing but stones.

He had seen his country invaded by foreign foes, and the shame of it is said to have preyed on his mind during the latter part of his reign; in consequence of the many conspiracies and secret societies prevalent in Russia, the Emperor became more suspicious and unhappy. He decided, so the story goes, to free himself from the trammels of state. He achieved this end by means of a mock death and funeral, and thenceforward became a wanderer in the wilds of Siberia.

Pleasant Holiday Occupation—Huge Prizes Offered. Turn to the first page and enter the Triplets Competition at once.

Our Courts

Little Incidents Recorded from the Daily Papers that have Caused the Courts to Smile.

No!

Defendant (to constable giving evidence against her at the Leeds Police Court): "Did I speak to the person you saw me talking to?"

How to Economise.

"Hold your tongue, woman," said Judge Moss to a garrulous debtor at the Bangor County Court. "If you spend your money as fast as you talk, small wonder it's all gone."

Slow but Sure.

To a dilatory witness at Bloomsbury County Court who was in no hurry to enter the box his Honour Judge Bacon remarked: "Come along as quickly as you can. You are not paid by the hour while here."

Poor Aberystwyth.

When two tramps were accused of begging at Aberystwyth, the magistrate said to them: "It is an offence against the law to beg, but the local governing body of this town sanctions begging, and you are discharged. Beg as much as you like."

Still Wondering.

"What is ether?" asked a juryman in the Southwark Coroner's Court.

"It's a volatile liquid which passes down the lungs as a gas," said the doctor. The juror looked as wise as ever.

Charlie Wanted!

A man charged at Willesden with assaulting the police asked permission to call a witness, but he said he only knew that his name was Charlie. Everyone, however, knew him, and he could be found outside a certain public-house at any hour of the day.

A policeman was deputed to find "Charlie."

Better Seen Than Heard.

"I could not use such expressions before you or the public," said a young woman, when asked to repeat to the Acton magistrates some "language."

The Chairman: "If you don't you will not get a summons. You won't shock us; we are accustomed to bad language here."

She wrote it down, and the summons was granted.

Experienced the Sensation

At the Manchester County Police Court.

Solicitor: "Have you ever gone home drunk?"

Witness: "Yes; he is a lucky chap who has not, except teetotalers."

Proud of Her Character.

"Have you any witnesses to call as to your character?" the Acton magistrates asked a woman recently.

"No," was the reply, "but it can be proved by the books at all the police courts."

Guilty Conscience.

A village policeman, giving evidence in a dog case, at Birkdale, said he turned his lamp on to the dog, which was in the hedge bottom with a hare in its mouth. "On seeing me," said the policeman, "the dog ran home as fast as it could."

Where He Learnt It.

The mother of a lad who was charged with playing pitch and toss told the Willesden magistrate that her son had got into bad company.

The Magistrate: "Where has he been working?"

The Mother: "At the police-station." (Laughter.)

The Magistrate: "I hope he has not got into bad company there."

Picture Pars

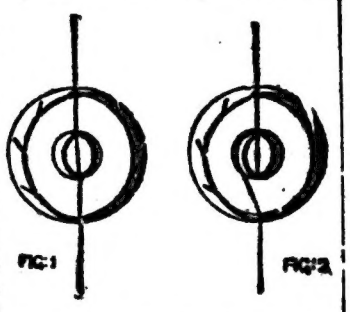
An electro-plated pencil-case is given to the sender of each accepted picture par. used on this page. We cannot undertake to return unsuitable paragraphs unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

BINDING PAINT-BRUSHES.

Most people brighten up various things in the home with a little paint some time or other, so this hint about the preservation of a paint-brush should be made a note of. The bristles of a new brush should always be bound with twine, as shown by B. An unbound brush, as A, carries too much colour, and, therefore, leaves an uneven surface when being used. The twine also keeps it in better shape and doubles its life.

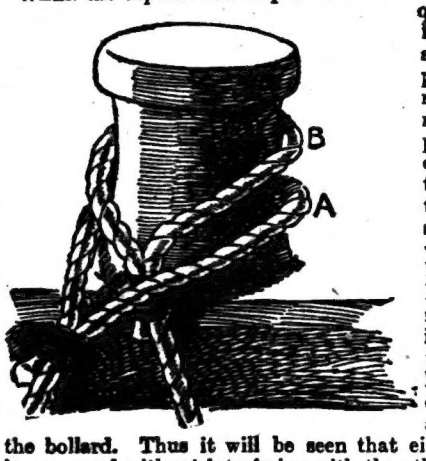
STRAINING WIRES.

An ingenious device for straining the wire stays of aeroplanes is illustrated here. It is lighter and cheaper than the usual "turnbuckle," cannot slack back, and can be placed on the stay after it has been fixed, not necessitating the wire being cut and joined up. It consists of a cup-shaped steel stamping with a central boss. Round the rim are various inclined slots, whilst the central boss has one pair of straight slots. The device is placed on the wire so that the wire enters the slots in the boss, which is slightly higher than the outer rim. The device is then turned and the wire wound round the boss until it is tautened sufficiently. Then the wire is slipped into the slots in the outside rim, which hold it firmly, as in Fig. 2. The device, of course, is not removed from the stay.



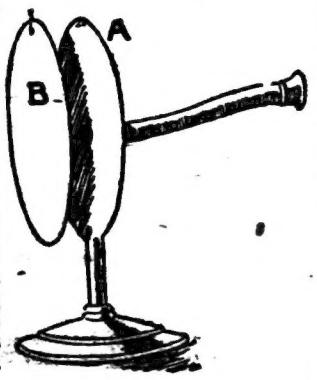
SLIPPING THROUGH.

When the captain of a ship wishes to use a bollard on a quay, and the bollard is already occupied, he does not have the mooring rope placed on top of the rope of the vessel first there lest that ship should want to leave before he does. Instead, the rope loop B is slipped through the loop of the other rope A, and then over the bollard. Thus it will be seen that either rope can be removed without interfering with the other.



DRAWN INWARDS.

One of the least-known, yet most ingenious, tricks which science has made known to us is the following: A disc of metal, A, say six inches in diameter, has a small hole in the middle, to which a piece of tubing is tightly fastened. Another disc, B, of metal or cardboard, is suspended near A, as shown. If anyone blows down the tubing, instead of B being blown away it will be drawn in towards A to the amazement of everybody concerned.

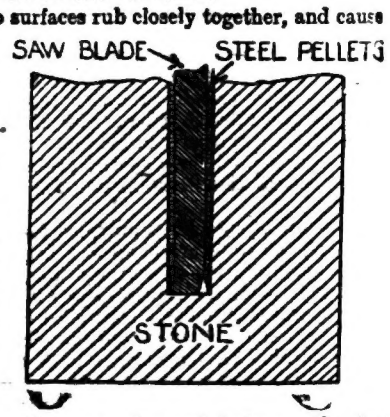


FOR MOISTENING GUM.

Although the occasional licking of a stamp and envelope may not be injurious, the custom is by no means a pleasant one. In business houses where much correspondence is transacted some arrangement for moistening the gum on stamps, labels, and envelopes is decidedly necessary. Various devices are in use, and one is illustrated here. The cap at the top is unscrewed, and the cylinder half filled with water which moistens the material at the bottom. The device is always ready for service, does not allow the liquid to leak, and will not gather dust.

SAWING STONE.

Whenever two surfaces rub closely together, and cause a considerable amount of friction, some kind of lubrication becomes imperative. In sawing big blocks of stone the friction produced between the saw and the stone would be sufficient to wear away the tool very rapidly, and as no liquid makes a satisfactory lubricant, tiny steel pellets are dropped between the two surfaces, as shown in the sketch.



Poked Pars

A Few Items of Fact that Will Interest You.

Thanks to Cigarettes.

Dr. J. C. Sellars, who shot remarkably well at Bisley, attributes his success to "smoking plenty of cigarettes."

Monkey Causes Fire.

A fire which destroyed a bioscope theatre at Tilbury was caused by a pet monkey which was in the habit of striking matches.

Asleep on Duty.

Both the engine-driver and fireman of a Finnish goods train, which was seen to run slowly past all signals, were found fast asleep in the cab of the locomotive.

The Deserted Village.

Hull Bridge, a hamlet in Essex, is reported by the county medical officer of health to be "in a general state of decay." Many cottages are empty, and the chief well of the place is unused.

Mosquito-Proof Steamer.

The *Johnathan Holt*, the first mosquito-proof ocean-going steamer, arrived in the Mersey from the Clyde shipyards recently. All the doors, windows, and portholes are fitted with copper gauze to prevent the entry of the malaria-bearing insect.

Lucky Mill-Hand.

A young Colne cloth-worker has received £2,500 for the invention of a safety lock for railway carriage doors. He sold his patent to the Great Central Railway Company for that figure, the company also agreeing to find him a situation.

Coal and Gas Professor.

A professorship of coal, gas, and fuel industries is to be established at Leeds University as a memorial to the late Sir George Livesey. More than £10,500 has been subscribed.

Hugged by a Bear.

While a publican, at Garston, Hertfordshire, was serving a foreigner accompanied by a dancing bear with refreshments, the animal flew at him, hugged him, and badly mauled his arms and legs.

Spanish Gold.

Operations were recommenced recently in Tobermory Bay, Highlands, for the purpose of finding the sunken Spanish Armada treasure, which is understood to contain gold plate of enormous value.

The Butcher's Pet Lamb.

A pet lamb kept by a butcher at Longridge, near Preston, can be seen daily standing at his side in the shop, surrounded by slaughtered sheep and lambs. It is fond of playing with a large collie dog and with children.

Fewer Boy Smokers.

One reason of last year's decline in tobacco consumption is the prohibition under the Children's Act of the sale of cigarettes to juveniles. Mr. Herbert Samuel, the "father" of the Act, quoted this statement recently.

He also said that makers of fireguards had had to work overtime owing to the Act.

Handcuffed to a Telegraph Post.

The ingenuity of a policeman was commended at the Spalding Police Court recently when two men were committed for trial on a charge of housebreaking. The policeman caught the prisoners in the act. He handcuffed one to a telegraph post and then went after the other man, who was subsequently arrested.

Johnson's Money.

Johnson, the victorious black champion, has deposited £20,000 of his winnings in a bank at Chicago, and after buying his mother a motor-car sent gifts of from £50 to £150 to eight men who befriended him at Galveston years ago. One received £100 for saving him from drowning when a boy, and to another who taught him boxing, Johnson sent £150.

Telephone Tragedy.

Two years ago a telephone girl at the Hagen exchange (Germany) was struck by lightning while at work. A director who ran to her assistance, was also struck, and died from his injuries a year after. The operator, who since the accident has been suffering from a lingering illness, died recently, all efforts to cure her of the effects of the shock proving futile.

A Lover's Revenge.

A young Swiss couple at Davos were to have been married shortly, but the girl jilted her lover because he had shaved off his little beard. The jilted lover took a novel revenge. During the night he pasted all the love letters he had received from his sweetheart on the walls of her residence, where they were joyfully read by a huge crowd. The girl, who is very indignant, says she intends to take a similar revenge.

An electro-plated pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph accepted and used on this page. Address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

A Man of Spirit

How His Valour was Proved.

By E. NEWTON-BUNGEY.

"I DO like a man wot's a man," remarked Mrs. Jower, with a meaning glance at her husband.

"I never met one wot weren't," replied Mr. Jower, with a feeble smile. "Though they do say," he added, thoughtfully, "as 'ow man is descended from monkeys."

"An' a very good sayin', too. Gimme a man with spirit; none o' your milky sorter softies," Mrs. Jower stared scornfully at Mr. Jower.

That gentleman scratched his head thoughtfully, and then spat on his hands.

"That's for luck," he muttered. "Just see a black cat go by the winder."

"D'you call yourself a man?" demanded Mrs. Jower.

"I were christened Willyam 'Enery," responded Mr. Jower, meekly.

"You oughter 'ave bin in skirts. You'd run from a goose, you would. Ain't got no more pluck in you than a starved 'errin', you ain't."

"Talkin' about 'errins," began Mr. Jower, with a fervent desire to change the conversation. But his wife cut him short.

"We wasn't," she snapped. "We was talkin' about softies—your sort. D'you know wot I'd do if I was a man an' my wife talked to me like I'm talkin' to you?"

Mr. Jower shook his head despondently.

"I'd black 'er eyes," snapped Mrs. Jower, vindictively. "But there, you ain't got a 'aporth o' spirit, you ain't."

Mr. Jower tried to look intelligent.

"Wot'd you do if I was to black your eye?" he demanded.

"You'd find out wot I'd done when you'd come out o' the 'orspital," replied Mrs. Jower.

Mr. Jower blinked, and then lapsed into a profound silence. His wife's scornful words furnished him with considerable food for thought. While she went to take tea with a neighbour, he sought out Tom Gibbard, who had a cottage within a stone's throw.

Mr. Gibbard was a gardener by profession. He was a widower, and had been anxious to marry Mary Garbell, the present Mrs. Jower. She, however, had preferred William Jower's certain thirty shillings a week to Mr. Gibbard's precarious earnings.

"'Owdoo, Willyam?" inquired Mr. Gibbard, looking up from a bed of begonias.

"Fairish, Tom. Fact is, I'm a bit worritted 'bout Mary. Me an' 'er don't seem to 'it it off 'zactly."

Mr. Gibbard strove hard to repress a pleased expression, and did his best to look sympathetic.

"Well, I'm sorry to 'ear that, I'm sure, Willyam," he said. "Wot's the matter betwixt you?"

"I ain't got 'nuff spirit to please 'er," responded Mr. Jower, despondently.

"That's a funny state o' things, Willyam," Mr. Gibbard rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Why don't you get roarin' drunk?" he added—smiling with pleasure at the brilliancy of his suggestion.

Mr. Jower shook his head. "I'd be ill arterwards," he said.

He stared gloomily at the begonias. "Can't yer think o' somethin' I could do to make 'er alter 'er 'pinion?" he asked.

"I'll 'ave a think over it," replied Mr. Gibbard. 'Gimme a look up to-morrer, Willyam; p'raps I'll 'ave thought o' somethin' by then."

"Thenks, Thomas." Mr. Jower walked wearily away to his cottage, and fell to cleaning the knives, a moody expression on his face.

Next day, when he greeted Mr. Gibbard, that gentleman looked very excited and pleased with himself.

"I've got a grand idea, Willyam," he said. "I'll drop in casual like to-night, an' 'ave a chat with you an' the missis. Arter a bit you must go out to do somethin', an' I'll begin tellin' yer wife wot a 'ot lot you was 'afore you married 'er. I'll make 'er think that you 'ave put a stopper on your spirit 'cos you think it's only proper for a married man."

"Think it'll work?" asked Mr. Jower, without enthusiasm.

"In course it will," replied Mr. Gibbard, enthusiastically, "I'll make 'er think as 'ow you was a roarin' lion 'afore you married 'er. She'll think you was the gayest dog alive, an' she'll respect you for 'oldin' yer nach'ral hinstinks back."

"Soun's all right," muttered Mr. Jower, though still without enthusiasm.

"An' it is all right, Willyam. You leave it to me."

That night, when the evening meal was finished, Mrs. Jower sat darning socks, whilst Mr. Jower laboriously spelt out the news from the local paper. Presently the door opened and Mr. Gibbard walked in, a pleasant smile on his face.

"'Evenin', Mrs. Jower. 'Evenin', Willyam," he said, cheerily.

"'Ow d'you do, Mr. Gibbard?" said Mrs. Jower. "Give Mr. Gibbard your chair, Willyam."

There were two easy chairs in the room. Mrs. Jower occupied one, and Mr. Jower regretfully got out of the other. Mr. Gibbard sank into it with a sigh of content.

"Thought I'd just come in an' 'ave a crack," he said.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Gibbard," Mrs. Jower remarked. "It'll be nice to 'ear someone speakin' sensible."

"D'you object to smokin', Mrs. Jower?" the gardener inquired, politely.

"Not at all."

Mr. Gibbard felt for his pipe, and Mr. Jower eagerly produced a dingy clay.

"Leastways," said Mrs. Jower, firmly, "I don't object to visitors smokin'."

Mr. Jower returned his pipe to his pocket, and watched Mr. Gibbard puffing away contentedly, a gloomy expression on his face.

The gardener proceeded to discourse on the latest village news, Mrs. Jower listening with interest. At length Mr. Jower rose to his feet.

"I'd better get on weedin' the taties, 'adn't I?" he asked.

"You 'ad," replied Mrs. Jower.

The "lord and master" departed, Mr. Gibbard watching him go, a curious expression on his face.

"Well," he said, "Willyam's a marvel."

"Oh, an' 'ow, might I ask, Mr. Gibbard?"

"Ah!" responded the gardener. "You ain't known 'im as long as I 'ave. To see 'im now, a quiet man an' a model 'usband——" Mrs. Jower sniffed contemptuously.

"To see 'im now," went on Mr. Gibbard. "You'd never think 'e was one o' the wildest chaps goin' when he was younger."

"Wot, Willyam wild?" cried Mrs. Jower.

Mr. Gibbard smiled. "Course, I'm tellin' tales outer school," he said; "but there, I was in it, too. Why, bless your 'eart, Mary—I beg yer pardon, I means Mrs. Jower."

The good lady tossed her head, but did not look displeased.

"I mind the time," continued Mr. Gibbard, thoughtfully, "when me an' Willyam nearly killed a p'leeceman."

"Wot, Willyam?" Mrs. Jower stared in amazement at her companion.

"Yes. It was like this 'ere. The p'leeceman was that there mighty conceited that me an' Willyam resolved to take a rise out of 'im. We waited for 'im one night, an' then we jumped at 'im an' afore you could 'a said Jack Robinson, I rammed 'is 'elmet down over 'is eyes an' tripped 'im up.

"Then I sat on 'is chest," went on Mr. Gibbard, "while I tied 'im up with a bit o' rope. I'd got a bucket o' whitewash ready, an' I painted in big letters on 'is back A S S. Lor' bless you, 'e was the laughin' stock o' the place for weeks."

"You 'ad some spirit, my word you did," said Mrs. Jower, admiringly. "But you said you an' Willyam did it. What did 'e do? You ain't mentioned 'im."

"Oh, lemme see," remarked Mr. Gibbard, pretending to think. "Oh, I know, Willyam 'id in the 'edge to watch if anyone was comin' along, when 'e was to whistle."

Mrs. Jower sniffed contemptuously.

"That's just about all 'e would do," she said. "'E wasn't goin' to run no risks."

Mr. Gibbard pretended not to notice these remarks.

"I mind the time, too," he said, "when we upset ol' Farmer 'Arrison, Willyam an' me. 'E'd bin makin' 'imself hobnockshus, 'ad 'ol 'Arrison. So Willyam an' me said 'as 'ow we'd take 'im down a peg or two.

"The ol' man 'ad got a dozen Alderney calves 'e was mighty keen on. 'E kep' 'em in a pasture near to the farm. One night I went up there an' I drove they calves two mile 'cross country. You should 'a seen Farmer 'Arrison, 'e was that beside 'imself nex' mornin' an' for days arterwards that it weren't safe to go near 'im."

"But wot did Willyam do?" inquired Mrs. Jower.

"Oh, 'e waited in the field two mile away to 'old the gate open," Mr. Gibbard explained. "My word!" he added, "we was a couple o' wild 'uns, an' no mistake."

"You must 'a bin bold, Mr. Gibbard," said Mrs. Jower, admiringly, with a considerable accent on the first word.

"I do like a bold man," she said, with a heavy sigh. "Ah, you find 'em out arter you're married," she added.

"They ain't all alike, Mary—I mean, Mrs. Jower," said the gardener, boldly, gazing admiringly at his companion's comely face.

"No, that they ain't. I wish I'd a' known wot I know now 'afore I was married," she said, shooting a sidelong glance at the enraptured Mr. Gibbard.

The gardener edged his chair nearer to Mrs. Jower's, and his boot touched her trim foot which reposed on a hassock. She mustered up a considerable blush, and tucked her foot under her skirt.

"Nice picter that," said Mr. Gibbard, standing up and examining for a second a remarkable oleograph that hung over the mantelpiece.

He did not return to his seat in the armchair, but sat on the edge of the table, very close to Mrs. Jower.

"I offen think o' you, Mary—I mean, Mrs. Jower," he said softly.

"Lor, 'ow you do say things, Mr. Gibbard, an' me a respeckable married woman these ten months."

The wily Mr. Gibbard began to depict his miserable lot as a widower, his lonely life in his cottage, what time he still sat very close to his comely companion. In this posture Mr. Jower found him when he returned from hoeing the potato bed. The sight did not appear to please him.

"Well, I must be goin' to get my sup o' bread and cheese," said Mr. Gibbard. He turned to Mr. Jower. "Willyam," he said solemnly, "I 'ope your good lady 'll be spared to you for many a long year. You don't know wot it is to be a lonely widower."

"I'm sure you're not goin' wi'out a bit o' somethin'," cried Mrs. Jower. "We've 'ad our meal, 'tis true, but that's neither 'ere nor there."

"Willyam! just you lay the cloth and draw a glass o' ale for Mr. Gibbard."

William went moodily about his task, whilst Mr. Gibbard lay back in the easy chair and watched Mrs. Jower preparing his supper. His face fell somewhat when he saw there was only bread and cheese put out, and he thought regretfully of the piece of cold pig's cheek and the bottle of stout in his own larder. Nevertheless, for the sake of appearances, he made a hearty meal, and departed feeling quite pleased with himself.

"Now, that's wot I call a man," said Mrs. Jower.

Mr. Jower waited, expecting his wife to rally him for having been such a gay dog when he was younger. But she did not gratify him, and, despair rendering him thoughtless, he began to pour out the tiny drop of ale left in the jug by Mr. Gibbard, who was not usually so forgetful.

"'Oo's that for?" demanded Mrs. Jower.

"M—m—me," replied William.

"You!" repeated his wife, scornfully. "You've 'ad one glass. More of it would make a pore creechur like you silly. Put that jug down an' see about goin' to bed."

Mr. Jower obeyed, a resentful feeling against Mrs. Gibbard rising up within him.

"'E ain't done nothin' arter all," he muttered.

He gazed reproachfully at the gardener when he saw him next day.

"Lot o' good you've done," he said. "She ain't got no better 'pinion of me."

"Willyam, Rome wasn't built in a day," said Mrs. Gibbard, reprovingly. "You've gotter gimme time; I'll make things all right, you see it I don't. I'll drop in casual like to-night agin, an' you make yerself scarce agin. I've gotter sow the seed afore I can reap the wheat, you know."

"All right," returned William, gloomily.

Mr. Gibbard dropped in "casual like" that night, as he said he would. Once more he sat in William's armchair, once more he smoked whilst Mr. Jower watched him enviously.

"'Ave you finished the tater bed?" asked Mrs. Jower. "'Cos if you ain't, you'd best get on with it."

William departed and partially consoled himself by kicking a tree trunk till he hurt his toe.

"I was thinkin' o' some more o' them wild nights wot me an' Willyam 'ad together," said Mr. Gibbard, reflectively.

"I 'member 'ow we let the water out o' Miller Johnson's mill-pond," he went on. "T'were like this 'ere.

"Me an' Willyam met the miller down in the village an' we went into the 'Royal George' an' 'ad a drink. Presently I says good-night, an' slipped off, while Willyam an' the miller stopped 'scussin' politics. While they was there I 'urried up to the pond an' opened the sluices, an' when the miller got 'ome 'is pond was dry. 'E was that there mad, 'e said 'e'd 'ave the law on the chaps that did it, but 'e never found out 'twas me an' Willyam."

"A lot Willyam did," sniffed Mrs. Jower. "'E, 'e ain't got the pluck of a field mouse."

"I dunno," said Mr. Gibbard, reflectively. "'E went into the 'aunted tower in the old castle."

"Did 'e?" cried Mrs. Jower.

"Yes, I said I'd sleep the night in it, an' I did. Nex' mornin' Willyam comes along wi' some food, an' I shouted to 'im outer the winder that there weren't no ghosts, an' 'e come in as bold as brass."

Mrs. Jower laughed aloud. "Ain't that like 'im?" she said. "I'll lay 'e wouldn't 'ave slept there for a 'undered pounds. 'Ow did you sleep, Mr. Gibbard?"

"Like a top, Mary—I means, Mrs. Jower."

"You are a plucked one, an' no mistake," said Mrs. Jower, admiringly. "You'll 'ave a bite o' somethin', won't you? We've got a prime cut o' beef."

Mr. Gibbard had carefully called earlier that evening, but he pretended to be surprised.

(Continued on next page.)

HOLIDAY ACCOMMODATION

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By an EXPERIENCED AVIATOR.

(England, and, indeed, the world, has been thrilled by the horror of the Bournemouth aviation tragedy, whereby the Hon. C. S. Rolls, famous alike as motorist, aeronaut, and airman, lost his life. The aviator who explains below some of the causes of aviation accidents, for private reasons, desires to remain anonymous.)

I DO not wish to discuss aviation accidents with reference to the Bournemouth disaster.

Its exact cause will probably never be known, and I think it would be unfair to the memory of a gallant gentleman who, though intrepid to a degree, was far too good a sportsman to run unnecessary risks, to speculate as to whether he met his end through some fault in his machine, or by an error of judgment on his part.

In regard to flying accidents in general, however, they may be roughly divided into those due to (*a*) faults in the machine; (*b*) atmospheric difficulties and dangers; (*c*) the "human equation."

In regard to (*a*), the aeroplane may be faulty in principle and construction, or the materials may be to blame.

As a rule, where the aeroplane is at fault the engine is the root of the evil, and one great danger to aviators is overheating of the engine or some part of it.

You see, an aeroplane engine has practically to work at full pressure the whole time the aviator is in the air. A railway engine driver who gets a hot bearing can slacken speed, or send his fireman to put things right.

The aviator's greatest safety lies in maintaining a high speed, to slacken may mean disaster; he cannot attend to the affected part himself and he has no one to help him. The practically unavoidable overheating of the engine with the result of a sudden stoppage or loss of power, followed by a headlong dash to earth, is a frequent cause of disaster.

Turning to (*b*), the sea with all its known and charted currents, tides, rocks, and so on still wrecks ships, but the air is a thousand times more baffling than the sea. Its density and its pressure are constantly changing; the aviator may at any moment fly into an aerial whirlpool, a gust of wind, the configuration of the land over which he is flying may introduce sudden dangers not previously encountered, upset all his calculations and experience, and send him smashing to the earth.

Personally I have a theory which may explain one or two hitherto inexplicable flying accidents. I believe that there are, so to speak, "holes" in the air, that through causes I have not yet made sure of a vacuum is created in the atmosphere. The aviator flies into this empty space, and without any warning drops like a gigantic cannon ball. An aeroplane may weigh half a ton or more—imagine that, if you can, dropping through a "hole" in the air.

As an aviator, I have never, thank goodness, flown into an aerial crevasse, but as a balloonist I have.

Anyway, up in a balloon I have more than once known it without the faintest warning to drop right down 50 or 100 feet. The "hole" in the air is the only explanation that, to my mind, fits the phenomenon.

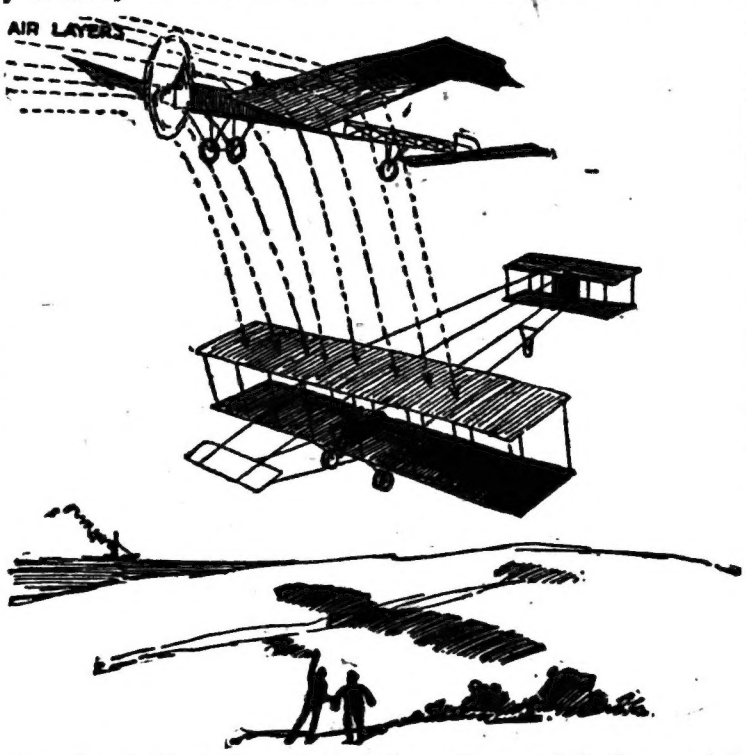
Now we come to the "human equation"; in other words, mistakes on the part of the aviator as a cause of disaster.

A frequent cause of accident, more especially in the earlier days of aviation, was the airman's taking the air at too steep an angle.

It is a little difficult to explain on paper, but please imagine a man trying to climb up a perfectly smooth inclined plank or surface which affords him neither handhold nor foothold.

So long as the plank is at a moderate angle there will be sufficient friction between it and his body to enable him to stay on it, even to wriggle his way along. But tilt the plank upwards, and at a certain angle nothing can save him, he *must* fall backwards.

Now, in aviation the air is the plank, the aeroplane being on it. If the aviator rises too sharply it is like trying to climb up the smooth plank tilted upright. He cannot do it—the machine must drop to earth.



A possible solution to the accident which recently overtook the Baroness de la Roche. An aeroplane, as it rises, climbs up over the layers of air and forces them downwards. This current naturally upsets any vessel which happens to be underneath it.

Similarly in descending, if the aviator comes down at too sharp an angle the machine must fall to the ground as inevitably as a man lying on a smooth plank head downwards must drop when it is tilted upright.

True, the skilful aviator, high up in the air, will cut off his engine, and drop to earth at an angle approaching the perpendicular—this is what they call the *vol plané*—but he has a margin of safety. As he nears the ground he turns the "nose" of the machine upwards, it curves round and up and rests on a cushion of air to sink lightly to the ground by its own weight. But if he make the angle of descent too narrow, nothing can save him.

Then, of course, the aviator may pull the wrong lever, or mishandle the elevating or steering gear; these are "temporary aberrations" which are inevitable. So long as men are men they will be reckless. The aviator tries a daring experiment. If it comes off, all is well; if it doesn't, there is an end of him.

So far I have only dealt with the risks of flying due to the machine, the air, the man, but in conclusion there is the danger that aviators cause to each other by flying too close to another machine. The recent terrible accident to the Baroness de la Roche is said to have been caused by another aeroplane flying near her. I do not know what truth there is in this charge, but an aeroplane is not constructed to stand sudden pressure from above, and a real point of danger arises when one machine is below another.

It must be understood that an aeroplane rises and flies by, so to speak, climbing up an "endless staircase" of air.

Now, it is a mechanical fact that any action is followed by an equal reaction.

If the aeroplane climbs over a foot of air, a foot of air goes down—this is putting it very roughly, for each advance is followed by a slight drop, but we'll stick to the broad principle.

The aeroplane then forces the air from under it as it rises, with the result that there is a strong and almost vertical *down*-draught from it.

The machine underneath encounters this pressure from above, and probably gets it more on one part than another, with the result that it is tilted forwards, backwards, or to one side or the other at a dangerous angle.

There is still one cause of flying accidents that I have not yet mentioned. That is the growing tendency of the public at aviation meetings to expect the airmen to fly whatever the conditions. That brutal spirit should be sternly suppressed.

THOSE FORTY WET DAYS.

THE belief that if St. Swithin's Day—July 15th—is wet there will be rain for forty days afterwards is one that is still firmly fixed in many people's minds, although science has long ago demonstrated its utter falsity.

Almost every country has its "rainy saint," whose anniversary in all cases falls at about the same season of the year. Thus the St. Swithin of Scotland is St. Martin of Bouillon, Belgium; St. Godelieve, of Flanders; the Seven Sleepers of Germany; while France has two saintly rainmakers, St. Medan and St. Gervais, whose anniversaries fall on June 8th and 19th respectively.

In this connection it is on record that one Bulliot, a French banker, made a bet that, as it rained on St. Gervais' day, rain would fall during some portion of each of the succeeding forty days. So many people took up the wager that the banker's entire property was pledged. The bet was lost, and Bulliot was ruined.

A MAN OF SPIRIT *(continued from page 87.)*

"I thought you'd 'ad your meal," he said. "Won't I be in the way?"

"As if you could, Mr. Gibbard," simpered Mary.

Mr. Gibbard ate and drank heartily, and talked at great length. Mr. Jower, on the other hand, was inclined to be moody.

"You're always welcome to wotever's goin', Mr. Gibbard," said Mrs. Jower, when the guest rose to depart.

"I'm sure I'm obliged," replied the gardener.

"'E *is* a man," said Mrs. Jower, when Mr. Gibbard had gone.

"An' ain't I one too?" cried Mr. Jower, resentfully, roused for once.

"Don't you raise your voice to me, Willyam Jower," said his wife in such tones that Mr. Jower shrank back, and tried to pretend that he wasn't in the room. "Out you go an' lock up the chicken 'ouse."

Next morning Mr. Jower again accosted his neighbour.

"Seems ter me," he said, "'as 'ow your plan ain't workin' very well."

"You mus' take time, Willyam," responded Mr. Gibbard.

"I reckon them there seeds you talked about 'as got frost bound," muttered Mr. Jower.

"Oh, Willyam, 'ow can you talk like that, so ungrateful like. Why I told 'er 'ow you an' me bonnetted a p'leeceman and tied 'im up, 'ow we drove Farmer 'Arrison's calves to a pasture two miles away, 'ow we ran all the water from Miller Johnson's pond. Gimme a few more nights, an' she'll think you was as wild a chap as ever was."

That night Mr. Gibbard dropped in "casual like" again, and made a hearty meal, besides enjoying Mrs. Jower's sole society for an hour. For a whole week he continued to indulge thus, and all the while Mr. Jower was growing more despondent.

On the Sunday Mr. Gibbard carried matters still further by coming in at dinner-time. Mrs. Jower welcomed him, whilst her husband went outside to say what he thought.

"My brother Jim's comin' in to dinner," Mrs. Jower said. "We'll be a nice little party."

Jim Garbell arrived presently, and the meal began.

"We 'ad such a fine gennelman in the village t'other day, Mary," he said. "Maybe you 'eard of 'im. 'E was a gennelman from Oxford, and spent the night at the 'George.' No airs about 'im, I can tell you.

"They college gennelman be a wild lot," he went on. "You should 'ave 'eard the yarns 'e told us."

"Tell us some," said his sister.

"Well, 'im an' some other young sparks got 'old of a p'leeceman one night an' rammed 'is 'elmet over 'is eyes."

Mr. Garbell stopped to ease his throat with some ale, whilst his sister suddenly sat bolt upright.

"Wot's the matter with your eye, Willyam?" she asked coldly, observing that her husband was winking vigorously at her brother.

"Got a bit of a cold in it," muttered William, rubbing the offending member and smiling sheepishly.

"An' 'ave you got a cold too?" snapped Mrs. Jower, turning on Mr. Gibbard.

"It's the weather for colds," said Mr. Gibbard. He, too, began to rub his eye vigorously.

"Well, these 'ere young sparks tied up the p'leeceman," continued Jim Garbell, "an' painted A S S on 'is tunic with a whitewash brush.

"'Oo's kickin' my shins?" he demanded suddenly, with an injured air.

"I was feelin' for the 'assock," explained Mr. Gibbard, not daring to look at Mrs. Jower.

"Did they drive a farmer's calves two miles, an' empty a miller's pond?" Mrs. Jower demanded.

"Oh, you've 'eard about it?" remarked Jim Garbell. "They do be wild 'uns at Oxford."

Mrs. Jower compressed her lips into a very thin line.

The appetites of her husband and guest vanished. As soon as the meal was over, Mr. Gibbard got up, and mumbled something about having an appointment.

"'Alf a minute," cried Jim; "I'll walk part way with you. Shan't be long, Mary."

The two men having gone, Mrs. Jower turned on her husband, who sat cowering at the table.

"Well!" she said; and she got oceans of expression into that word. "Ain't you got nothin' to say, you deceitful man?"

William shook his head dully.

"I will say this: I didn't think you 'ad it in you. An' as for that good for nothing Gibbard, let 'im come 'ere eatin' honest people's food agin, that's all."

"You drove me to it, Mary," muttered Mr. Jower. "You was allus goin' on at me, makin' out I 'adn't got no spirit."

"You was led away, Willyam."

Then, seeing her husband's contrite expression, noting the miserable droop of his lips, her own expression softened. She walked over to him, and kissed him somewhere in the region of his nose.

"We'll let bygones be bygones, Willyam," she said.

And, curiously enough, her demeanour changed from that moment, and you would have to go a long way to find a happier couple than Mr. and Mrs. Jower.

Mr. Gibbard is of the firm opinion that he worked the seeming miracle. Perhaps he did, but Mrs. Jower always passes him with her nose in the air.

"There's gratitood for you," he murmurs on such occasions.

Triples Are Easy—Everyone Admires Them. Try to make one now and a big prize may be yours.

A Useful Talk with FRANK BEAUREPAIRE, Australia's Amateur Swimming Champion.

(Amateur champion swimmer of Australia at 220, 440, 880, and 1,760 yards, Mr. Frank E. Beaurepaire, who was here in 1908, when he won our 220, 440, half-mile, and one-mile championships, has come over again, and wrested the one-mile championship from T. S. Battersby, the winner in 1909.)

I AM asked to give some hints on swimming, and I don't think I could do better than start with the way I learned to swim.

In England the great majority of young swimmers start with the breast stroke, and I am sure this is wrong.

You see, even an experienced swimmer using the breast stroke finds it difficult to keep his head up out of the water; in fact you can't do it; you are bound to get occasional mouthfuls. The experienced swimmer doesn't mind this, but the novice gets frightened and disgusted, and you will never learn to swim unless you have plenty of confidence.

Learn the Dog Paddle.

Moreover, for special swimming the breast stroke is quite useless, and the time spent on learning it is simply thrown away.

Now, in Australia, nearly every boy starts swimming by means of the "dog paddle," and that was how I began. The dog paddle is—well, the dog paddle. You know how a dog swims; he strokes up and down with his paws, at the same time kicking up and down with his hind-legs, and for the human being the dog paddle is the easiest, quickest, and safest way of learning to swim. With the breast stroke, the moment you separate the arms down go the head and chest, and, as I say, the beginner gets frightened.

But with the dog paddle the arms are always close together; the head is kept clear of the water, and from the first the beginner finds that he can support himself. There is nothing difficult about the dog paddle; it is as simple as A B C, and all you have to do is to strike up and down with the arms and kick up and down with the legs from the knees.

Start in shallow water, say three feet or so. Knowing that you can always touch bottom and stand up will give you confidence, and that is the great thing. Along with the dog paddle learn to float, and don't attempt real swimming until you *know* that you can keep yourself afloat.

The Art of "Timing."

When you are absolutely at home in the water, then, but not before, you may discard the humble, useful dog paddle, and go in for the side, trudgeon, and other strokes. Successful swimming is largely a matter of "timing." The beginner wastes a lot of energy, but if you watch a really good swimmer you will see that he gets through the water apparently without effort. That is because he times his strokes so that he gets the maximum result for the minimum expenditure of energy. You will see the same thing at cricket; the duffer hits tremendously hard at a ball, and it goes scarcely any distance, but the "crack," apparently without putting any force into the stroke, sends the ball spinning to the boundary.

"Timing," however, cannot be taught; it will only come with practice, and some men never acquire the knack, for it really is a knack of good "timing."

A champion swimmer of course must have stamina. You cannot make stamina, for you are either born with or without it, but you can certainly develop it; and, next to swimming itself, I know of nothing better than walking for developing stamina.

Many would-be champion swimmers make the mistake of exercising too much.

Like a boxer, the swimmer wants "soft," pliable, elastic muscles; and to be "muscle bound" is as fatal to him as it is to the boxer.

Walking, preferably on soft, yielding sand is out and away the best training exercise for swimming.

If You Get Cramp.

Good starting of course may make all the difference between success and failure, especially in a short race. In Germany they make you start in the water, but usually you dive off from the side, and the great thing is to make a shallow dive so that you are up and into your stride, so to speak, as soon as possible. But it is easy to over or under do it. In the one case you go too deep, and lose time and impetus; while, if you strike the water too flatly, you come right out of it as you come up, and have to start swimming almost from a standstill. Starting, like timing, is a matter of knack and practice.

Cramp is the swimmer's bugbear. It is usually the result of lack of condition, and takes you in the stomach, legs, or soles of the feet. I once finished in and won a race with cramp in one of my feet, but as a rule you just have to give up.

If seized with cramp, and you are in danger of being drowned, turn on your back and float.

Have I ever done any life-saving? Now, there you touch a very tender spot. About a month before I left Australia, I had had some hard racing, and so I thought I would take a holiday, and I went "down the Bay," as we say in Melbourne; that is, to one of the seaside resorts along the great arms of the Bay.

I happened to be on the pier one day when a man, who, I think, had been celebrating his birthday or something of the kind, fell off into the sea.

There was a nasty current thereabouts, and, as he looked like being drowned, I popped in and soon had him ashore; mighty glad, by the way, that none of the sharks that infest the Bay had had business in that quarter. I didn't think anything more about it, but the public gave me a "roasting."

They seemed to think that it had been arranged as an advertisement for my tour round the world. This was really unkind, for I didn't know the man I pulled out from Adam. But the papers rubbed it in hard, and I am inclined to think that the next time I see a person drowning I shall have a pressing engagement elsewhere.

BUBBLE-BLOWING FOR SOCIETY.

To restore your jaded spirits blow soap-bubbles—the bigger the better. It strengthens the lungs, improves the chest, and is beneficial to the blower in many other ways. This is quite the latest method of health culture prescribed by British doctors, and our cartoonist thinks it is a golden opportunity not to be missed. Below, he suggests a few of its possibilities.

Monotonous Train Rides—Triplets Most Recreative. Think out Triplets on your holiday journey and win your fare many times over.

"Grannie"

A Tale of a Terrible Fix.

"THERE is no new thing under the sun!"

I wonder! The thing that happened to me a few years ago seemed quite new then—does even now, for that matter!

But supposing for a moment the treatment is new, the subject is as old as time itself; and my love story, such as it is, whilst like most others in its refusal to run smooth, led me over a bit of country so rough that I hope I am its only explorer!

Things had gone more than well with me until I struck that bit of hilly ground, despite the fact that my father and mother had died when I was quite young.

My grandfather had been a big landowner. His first wife died at the birth of their second child—my mother—and in his old age he had taken it into his head to marry again!

My cousin, who was the recognised heir to the unentailed estate, expressed immediately such a very decided opinion of his grandfather's impudence in daring to marry at all that he set the old man's back up. A year after the event, I got a letter from the family solicitors announcing my grandfather's death. They informed me that in a will, made directly after a particularly stormy interview with his elder grandson, he left me the whole of his property except a jointure of five hundred a year to the young widow.

I was pig-sticking in Bengal when the news reached me, having the rarest of real good sport; so, as Surley Hall couldn't run away, and my grandfather's agent, who had managed the estate ever since I could remember, must know a great deal more about it than I did, I determined not to hurry home, but just get as ripping a time as I could out of my totally unexpected inheritance.

I stayed in India another six months; afterwards joining a man I knew very well in a big game hunt through Africa. When that came to an end I still delayed my home-going, taking a leisurely trip through Greece and Italy—stopping a week in one place, a month in another—until, one evening in October, I found myself in an easy chair on the balcony at the Hotel Biron, Villeneuve, looking out on the still waters of the Lake of Geneva.

I was dimly conscious of a feeling that I'd been knocking about long enough; that I was "fed up" with a roving life, and, beneath the soft influences of a particularly beautiful setting sun, I was getting distinctly "mawkish" in my sentiments!

Painting mental pictures of peaceful, domestic evenings at Surley, with a delightful little wife sitting on the other side of the great fireplace in the drawing-room; model babies upstairs, and my old pal, Jim Darnley, with the girl he'd been waiting to marry for at least six years, safely fixed up in the rectory at the bottom of the Park!

I remember everything that occurred on that night now as plainly as though it were yesterday—the very order in which the stars came out as the darkness closed in—the blazing comet curving almost from the Alps on the left to the distant mountains on the other side of the lake—if I shut my eyes I can see it all again, so clearly!

I got up at last and strolled down to the pier, from where I saw presently the green and red lights of an approaching steamer. She came alongside with a deal of unnecessary fuss, and I watched her few passengers disembark.

It was too late in the season for the usual crowd. Three tourists in dirty coats, with the regulation knapsacks and alpenstocks; a dozen or so working men; a few peasant women, veritable "beasts of burden"; the most energetic little French maid I have ever struck, full of bustling anxiety, coupled with an abundant variety of gesture about a pile of boxes—and then, last of all, her young mistress, dressed in black.

I've often since that evening tried to describe her—tried, and failed miserably! It should be easy enough—big, wistful eyes, golden hair, parted in the middle and brought low over the white brow, the soft, tremulous lips; all these things should paint some sort of word picture, but they utterly fail to convey the subtle "something" that made her different—so different—from all the other women I had ever met.

She dropped something, a wrap I think it was, and when I gave it to her her "thank you," murmured in a soft, sweet voice, strengthened the extraordinary effect her personality had created, and that accidental dropping of something, combined with the fact that we were both strangers in a strange land, led to the next few days being quite the best I have ever experienced!

We made excursions together; she wanted to "do" old Chillon, she told me, and, though I had "done" it twice before, I went again, to find altogether new beauties in such companionship. She was curious to explore the salt mines at Bex, but, alas! couldn't go alone; and I, knowing them thoroughly, insisted on accompanying her.

Mrs. Smith—when I learnt her name, I wondered why I had hitherto looked upon Smith as common?—was a widow, she told me; and that was all I knew, or wanted to know, I was supremely happy until at last those days of wonderment came to an end, as I had to leave for Paris. When I said "good-bye" I felt the little hand tremble in mine, as she asked me to call on her in the Rue de Rivoli, when she reached the capital, which she hoped would be quite soon.

* * * * *

Madame was fatigued with the long journey, and was lying down, I learnt from Suzanne, when at last the long days of her absence were over, and I called in answer to the softly-spoken invitation by the Lake of Geneva, feeling that I could no longer delay asking her the question that would make me either the happiest or most miserable of men.

"Will Monsieur sit down and wait for Madame, who shall know at once he has called?" The spritely little woman queried, as she frisked out of the room, with a glance over her shoulder so expressive, so eminently French, that it made me feel hot.

I was sitting lost in delightful reveries when the door opened and Mrs. Smith came into the room with a smile of welcome on her dear lips, and, was it fancy, a look of something warmer than welcome in her soft eyes.

"How good of you to come—to have remembered me," she murmured.

"I've remembered very little else!" I rejoined, holding the hand she extended much longer, I'm afraid, than I ought.

"I was fearful you might not have been able to stay," she went on; "now sit down and tell me all about yourself, but first you must listen patiently to the perfectly horrible travelling experiences I've been through since we parted all those months ago."

How sincerely I sympathised with her, and how full I was of wishes to make travelling, and every other thing that might trouble her, easier in the future. But, alas! as I listened to that soft, sweet voice, I found myself becoming gradually more and more stupid.

The conversation dragged—I simply couldn't talk commonplaces to this radiant woman—and the words I longed so desperately to say, resolutely refused to be uttered.

She must have guessed the thoughts that were crowding through my mind, I think, for she began to look uneasy—but, alas! more beautiful than ever—then she recovered herself and said brightly:

"I must show you the new photos I've taken; you know what an enthusiastic 'snapper' I am! I had them developed directly I got to Paris, they only came in this afternoon, and there are a lot I took in England, too, before I came away; it won't bore you, will it?"

I looked into her eyes—full—and a delicate flush spread over her face as she read the answer to her simple question. Our heads were very close together as we bent over the pictures, and I'm afraid I still kept silence; but I think I managed to convey without words how willingly I would spend the rest of my life looking at photos—in her company.

"Here is the dear old Dent du Midi, Mr. Ruscoe, and, oh! here is the picture I took of that funny convent we saw together—do you remember?"

Again, I looked into her eyes, and again that pretty flush spread over her face—a little deeper this time, surely. "Do you remember?" How well I remembered every incident connected with that convent on the other side of the Rhone.

"You remember my slipping when we were clambering up that marble rock thing behind the grounds, because I wanted so badly to see the dear nuns walking in their garden? You can't imagine how bad my ankle was afterwards," she went on. "It was the last place we did together, wasn't it? I couldn't go out at all the day you left—didn't get down to dinner even."

I murmured sympathy.

"It's so awful and lonely, don't you think, being laid up in an inn, with no one to care whether you're better or worse? I got so horribly humpy!"

"No one to care!" How little she knew that one man at least would have willingly journeyed across Europe if he had only known! But I remained tongue-tied, longing madly for the courage to take my fate in my hands.

"I didn't know how lame I really was until I tried to get upstairs again after I'd said 'Good-bye' to you."

I turned the photographs over, staring at them blindly; what I had come to say must be said, sooner or later, why not now—this instant! I rose unsteadily, and her eyes dropped half-fearfully as I blurted out.

"We may never meet again!"

Her breath came more quickly, and she looked up with a smile curving her full red lips. What I thought I read in those wonderful eyes made me reckless, and I blundered on:

"I—I—can't go back to England without telling you that I—I——"

Again the words refused to come, until she herself attempted to speak, then I went on quickly:

"No, no, don't say anything yet. I didn't tell you—indeed, I couldn't—I was so afraid of spoiling the good time we were having; but I think—I'm sure—you must have known, Ella, I'm going home to take possession of my place in Shropshire, and I—I want——"

And then, as the utter impossibility of such a brilliant creature caring for such an ordinary individual as myself came to me, I again stopped dead.

There was a moment's silence, then she said softly:

"Do you come from Shropshire; perhaps we shall be neighbours, I'm going back again in a few months; I wonder if you know what used to be my home—Surley Hall?"

* * * * *

"Dear, dear Mr. Ruscoe, what is the matter? Are you ill? Please, *please*, speak to me! Tell me what is troubling you?"

I looked at her steadily. What was the matter? Nothing! Surely nothing, a man's heart broken, that was all!

"What used to be my home—Surley Hall!"

Great Heavens! This woman was my grandfather's second wife whom I had never seen.

"*And a man may not marry his grandmother!*"

* * * * *

How I got away that afternoon I cannot tell, nor have I any distinct remembrances of the awful days that followed.

I hung on in Paris, unable to lose the chance of just seeing her, even in the distance; but the opportunity didn't come until one day, as I was passing the Bon Marché, she came out of the place with a woman I had never seen before, a woman of about her own age and singularly like her.

Was it my imagination, I wondered, or had she paled as I stood for a moment looking into the only face the world contained for me.

I turned away, afraid to speak, afraid to do anything but leave her in ignorance of the fatal barrier that separated us so inexorably.

I walked quickly, conscious of only one thought—that I must leave Paris at once. The unexpected meeting told me only too plainly that I could not answer for my self-control if it occurred again!

Suddenly I felt the light touch of a hand upon my arm—heard Ella say in almost a whisper:

"Why did you leave me so strangely the other afternoon, Mr. Ruscoe, and why have you never been near me since?" Then, without waiting for a reply, she went on quickly, "a namesake of yours has been staying with me for the last few days, Mrs. Ruscoe, she wants to meet you, I know——"

"A namesake!" I interrupted as the possibility of a mistake which seemed too wildly good to be true flashed through my mind—"a namesake of mine—and—and—*yours?*"

"Of mine?" with a puzzled frown. "You know my name, Mr. Ruscoe, as well as I know yours!"

"But Surley Hall," I gasped, "which used to be your home!"

"You are its new owner. How strange that thought shouldn't have occurred to me. But even now I don't see——" She stopped abruptly, her eyes full of enlightenment; she laughed softly, gladly I thought, and the laugh ended with a half-sob.

"You poor dear, I see now. May," she went on, turning to her sister, "Mr. Ruscoe wants me to introduce him."

I bowed to my grandmother gravely, and spoke, with more truth than she knew, of the pleasure it was to me to know her at last.

And Mrs. Ruscoe, with a tact which did her infinite credit, suddenly remembered an appointment she'd quite forgotten, and hurried away with many apologies, leaving Ella and I to stroll back to the Rue de Rivoli together.

* * * * *

It *was* heavy "going" the bit of hilly country I rode, but the finish was worth all the risks, and the pictures I drew that night by the still waters of the Lake of Geneva have materialised in every detail.

Ella insists on calling her sister "grandmother" whenever she stays with us at Surley Hall, and I cannot, for the life of me, help calling my little wife "grannie."

A PRINTER'S ERROR.

THE sports had been a great success, and Major Bouncer, delighted to be recognised as a magnate in the Midlands, had puffed out his chest with pride when he presented the prizes to their winners.

Eagerly the next morning he picked up the local newspaper to see if his speech had been reported. A smile spread over his face as he read the preliminary remarks about his glorious services to his country, his many active engagements with the enemy; but suddenly he stopped:

"This battle-scared warrior——"

But the major could read no further. In a furious rage, he drove off to the newspaper office, and demanded a public apology. This was immediately promised, and regrets tendered for the mistake.

The next morning his feelings may be imagined as he read:

"We regret that, through a printer's error, yesterday we styled Major Bouncer as a 'battle-scared warrior.' We should have said 'bottle-scarred.'"

THE WRONG CLASS.

TIMOTHY JOHNSON was not a wealthy man, and he always travelled third-class. On one occasion, however, he had been up to the North to do some business which had turned out most satisfactorily, and he had made a clear profit of £50 over and above what he had expected.

It was bitterly cold weather, and as he had a long night journey before him, he decided to give himself a treat and take a first-class ticket to London, and have dinner in the dining-saloon during his journey. He felt very reckless and very dashing as he took his ticket, for he had never before travelled first-class, and he had never before had occasion to go in a dining-car.

When the train drew up he made straight for the luxuriously-appointed saloon, and ordered his dinner with the air of a millionaire. He lingered long and lovingly over it, feeling for once in his life a pampered swell.

"It's very different travelling first-class," he thought with a sigh. "If only I had money I would never enter a third-class carriage again. Even the waiters attend on you better, and bow with quite a different air when you are a first-class passenger."

Presently he drew out his cigar, lit it, and looked round with a benevolent air at his fellow-passengers, whom he felt somehow were not quite as "toney" as he would have expected.

At this moment the inspector entered the car and asked to look at the tickets. When he saw Timothy Johnson's he smiled and said quietly, "You are travelling in a wrong class, sir."

Then Timothy Johnson began to bluster and to expostulate.

"It's an abominable shame," he wound up. "I'll sue the company, and I'll expose them in all the papers. I paid first-class fare, and if they've given me a third-class ticket it's their own mistake. But I don't care—and I won't stir. I paid for a first-class seat. Here I am, and here I'll stick, so you can do what you jolly well please!"

"You needn't be so put out, sir," said the inspector soothingly. "I don't want you to move. But you are travelling in a third-class dining-saloon with a first-class ticket—that is all!"

You Might Win—Your Wealth Multiplied. Try for a Triplets prize to-day

Why the Task of the Racing Judge is so Difficult.

"HURRAH, my horse won!" cries a spectator jubilantly, as the big thoroughbreds come tearing past the post, the first three so close that, as the saying is, a handkerchief would cover them.

Standing not at the post, but perhaps thirty or forty yards behind it, the spectator has seen his pick, coming up on the near side, apparently snatch the victory by a head. Bitter, indeed, is his disappointment when the number is hoisted and he finds that his horse has been beaten, and that one of the other two, probably the one nearest to the further rails, is the winner.

The fact is that angles are amazingly deceptive. A glance at the illustration will make this more clear than any amount of verbal explanation. The horses on the inside appear to be going faster than those beyond, and it is for these two reasons that the spectator, who is not, like the judge, absolutely at the post, is so frequently deceived as to the result of a close finish.

The task of the racing judge is not an easy one. Very many races are won by what is called a short head, frequently even by a matter of inches, and when one considers that the horses are travelling at speeds between thirty and forty miles an hour, it is easy to understand the extreme accuracy of eye required by the judge. He must also possess a nerve like iron, and must never, under any circumstances, permit himself to give way to excitement.

Tens of thousands of pounds depend upon the issue of such a race as the Derby, and if the judge were to become careless or confused for even the fractional part of a second, all this money might be diverted to those who had no claim to it, to say nothing of the honour being snatched from those to whom it rightly belongs.

Therefore it is hardly possible to imagine any task of greater responsibility than that of the man with whom it lies to decide which is the winner, and it speaks volumes for the integrity and capacity of the judges selected by the Jockey Club that their decisions are so seldom questioned.

The judge, as everyone knows, stands in a box opposite to the winning post. He is, of course, provided with the racing card and with a pair of powerful field-glasses.

Judges naturally rely largely upon the colours worn by the various jockeys as the best means of identifying the horses, and some go so far as to make a fresh list of the runners, tabulating them according to their colours.

That is to say, they alter the order of the names so as to get the white and lighter colours first on their lists the darker next, and the maroons, blues, and blacks at the end.

The judge watches carefully while the horses canter past so as to make himself familiar with their appearance, and also to make sure that the jockeys are wearing the same colours as are recorded on the card.

A judge must be familiar with the racing colours of all owners, and in these days when there are so many owners, this in itself is no easy task.

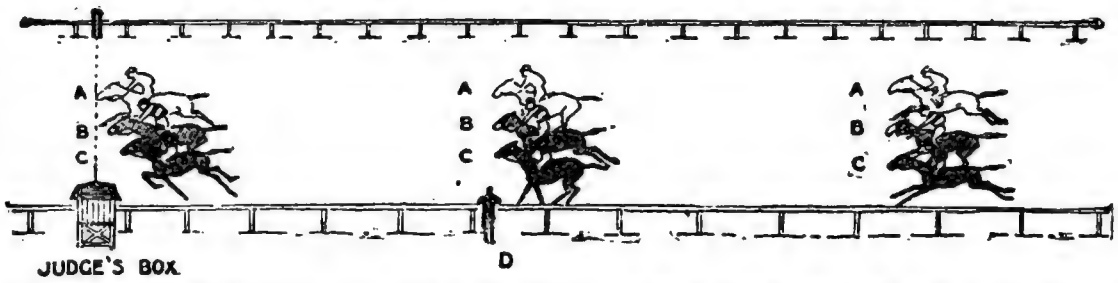
In old days the start used to be announced by a bugle or a bell. In more modern times notice of the raising of the starting-gate is usually given to the judge in his box by an electric bell. He waits with his glasses ready until the horses are in sight, then watches them through the glasses until the leaders are perhaps fifty yards away. Down go the glasses, he gets the line between the two posts, and the first nose across is the winner. Having ascertained the number of that horse by a glance at his card he orders his attendant to hoist it without a moment's delay.

The judge must not only make certain of the first three horses, but also of the fourth. The reason is that an objection may be lodged against the winner, and if this is upheld he may be disqualified. In such a case the fourth horse is placed.

The decisions of judges appointed by the Jockey Club are usually held in the greatest respect, but in out-of-the-way parts of the country the judge's lot is not always a happy one.

There is a story told of a steeplechase meeting where a large number of roughs had backed a certain horse. Their favourite was leading at the last fence, but there, unfortunately, fell, throwing his jockey. His supporters wasted no time. Before the second horse could reach the post a number of them had flung themselves upon the judge's box and toppled it over.

There lay the judge helplessly imprisoned while the winner cantered past the post; but not having seen the race won he naturally was unable to award the victory.



A B C are horses, D the spectator. As he looks to his right at the horses approaching, A will seem to be in front of B and C. When they come opposite they appear to be level, but as they pass, the deceptive angle makes C appear to be travelling fastest. Consequently the spectator at D feels sure that C has won, whereas A is really the winner.

Mr. WILLIAM POLLOCK (London Scottish)

Relates how a Territorial Tommy Hustles through a Day in Camp.

THE first thing the wideawake Territorial Tommy does after he has marched into camp and laid hands upon his kit bag from the baggage waggon, is to find his tent and secure his bed.

Each tent is made up of seven men and a non-com., and unenviable is the lot—and the bed—of him who doesn't know how to choose or who has no choice open to him. He is likely to find himself left with a stretch of turf distantly removed from the tent door—dark, foggy, and possibly with a well-defined list to port or starboard, and another gentle slope from the foot downwards. The man who can construct a comfortable sleeping place out of such a position is a genius—or one easily satisfied.

A waterproof sheet and two Army blankets constitute your bedding, and with these and your kit bag for a pillow you begin to turn in (if you are not snaffled for guard or picquet) when Last Post sounds at 9.30.

Between Last Post and Lights Out, at 10.15, the head and shoulders of a non-commissioned body are thrust into the tent and the orders for the morrow read out.

"Parade at seven, breakfast at eight, parade at eight forty-five, Jones and Smith cooks' orderlies, Brown and Robinson tent orderlies"—thus the commands go.

The Six a.m. Rush.

With luck and a blessed power to ignore the miniature mountains which, wriggle and toss how you will, insist upon nestling against your hips, you will be asleep when "revally" goes at six next morning.

But there is no chance of that exquisite "just five minutes more." "Brail-up, there, brail-up," says a disgustingly wakeful and inconsiderate tent commander—and to brail-up half-a-dozen semi-somnolent ruffians begin.

Ugh-h-h! In through the opened-up bottom of the tent rushes an imitation hurricane of morning air, and you come to the reluctant conclusion that there is really nothing for it but to get a move—and some clothes—on. Besides, it begins dimly to dawn upon you that you are the Jones or the Smith of the cooks' orderlies, and that you've got less than half-an-hour to bathe and dress before dashing on duty.

And so you roll out, lay hold of your toilet necessities, and toddle off to a spot where a hundred or so naked and unashamed barbarians have already started to souse themselves with buckets of water.

The moon hasn't quite gone to bed, and the sun hasn't quite got up, and it all looks beastly cold, but there's nothing for it, so here goes. You fill your bucket from the stand-pipe, cast your garments aside, and—bu-u-u!—a minute later you are feeling a new man, ready to push over the Orderly Tent if necessary.

At six twenty-nine you make a hurried exit from your tent and a bee-line for a smoky-looking quarter on the outskirts of your "lines," and fall in with fifteen other long-suffering souls.

"Orderlies! 'Shun!" says a man in a suit which might have been white when it came from the laundry. "Number!"

You number. "Numbers one to eight come along here and chop wood; nine to sixteen wash potatoes," remarks the man in the black suit with white patches on it.

And as he is the sergeant-cook, and consequently one who must be obeyed, you spend a strenuous hour and a half before breakfast in a performance of which you have but the most elementary ideas. True, you get off an hour's drill—but personally I prefer forming fours to washing mouldy potatoes.

Rations for the Day.

And then breakfast. When you have discovered at which table you constitute one of the twenty-two who make up a mess there is not much trouble with the bacon or salt fish, the bread and butter, and the coffee which the obliging mess orderlies set before the carvers or distributors.

After breakfast there is just time for the mess orderlies to wash up and the more fortunate ones to smoke a cigarette and fill their water bottles before parading.

Each company parades in its own lines [illegible]re its own captain—who inspects rifles, equipment, and dress—before marching on to the big parade ground before the colonel.

Rations for the day—half a pound of bread and two ounces of cheese, or else half a pork pie—are served out in the lines, but the man who sallies forth without his own private supplies of biscuits, chocolate, and lemons from the dry canteen is likely to experience a sinking sensation before he returns.

And so, preceded by the colonel, the adjutant, the senior major, the sergeant-major, and the band, you march out for the day's operations.

At first they let you down easily, and five or six miles out is your portion; but later, when feet are harder and limbs fitter, ten or fifteen miles away from camp is no uncommon march before the "enemy" is met or turned or "friends" relieved.

But always you are spared as much as possible. "March easy" is the general order, and "you may smoke" the usual rule. People who imagine that troops march about Salisbury Plain as they do through the streets of London are grievously mistaken; no body of men could possibly do so for long.

About noon there is a cheering break of an hour or so for lunch; and after that your face is probably turned campwards again.

Dinner—baked or boiled meat, potatoes, your choice of one drink from the canteen, and a sweet—happens very soon after you get back, and from then on, unless you are on orderly or guard duty, your time is your own to read, write, shave (most people shave at night in camp), clean buttons, wander about, go to a tent concert, play cricket, or join in some alfresco form of foolishness, such as mock wrestling or Maud Allan dances.

Once, at least, a fire alarm will be given about midnight, when everyone must turn out without bothering about raiment, and an all-night march is by no means unknown; but, ordinarily speaking, the foregoing reflects a typical Tommy's day in camp.

A WIDE-AWAKE BOY.

ONE day Farmer Skinner, the champion mean man, hired a country youth to help him with his work, and as the boy turned up at six o'clock, he was at once sat down to breakfast.

After the boy had eaten his fill, the farmer suggested that while they were at it they should eat dinner. The lad agreed, and managed to get down a little more.

Seeing that his new helper was by this time quite replete, the foxy Skinner suggested eating supper, and thus get the meals through and done with.

"Right-o!" murmured the boy, and swallowed half a crust of bread.

"And now," cried the happy farmer, thinking with glee of the saving in food that he had just effected, "let's get to work."

"Oh, no," answered the boy slowly; "I never work after supper! I go to bed!"

BUY A BRIGHT "STAR."

BEING photographed is regarded as a delightful pastime by many of the beauties of the stage, whilst some dread facing the camera repeatedly. The public, however, demand fresh photographs of their favourites, and, whether a delight or an ordeal, the photographer must be continually interviewed.

Every stationer's shop exposes picture-postcards of stage beauties, and everyone can buy them; but postcards actually signed by the fair hands of beauties whose features are pictured only come to the hands of the favoured few. The opportunity of obtaining one is before each reader of *Pearson's Weekly* to-day, but like all opportunities it should be seized immediately.

To benefit the Fresh Air Fund the leading footlight favourites have signed portraits of themselves, and most of them will be sold at the ridiculously low price of one shilling each. Constance Collier, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Zena Dare, Phyllis Dare, Winifred Emery, Maxine Elliot, Isabel Jay, Mabel Love, Lily Elsie, Billie Burke, Lena Ashwell, Mrs. Brown Potter, Pauline Chase, Sybil Arundale, Ethel Matthews, Evelyn Millard, Julia Neilson, Gabrielle Ray, Marie Studholme, Lady Tree, Viola Tree, Ellaline Terriss, and Ellen Terry are some of the ladies who have helped the F.A.F. in this way.

The stock of autograph portraits is extremely limited, and postcard or autograph collectors who desire to secure any for their albums should apply at once. A complete list of the two hundred and fifty famous people who have signed postcards for the F.A.F. can be had on application to the Autograph Department, *Pearson's Weekly*, 18 Henrietta Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Quips and Jestlets

BLACK AGAINST HIM.

"LIZA," expostulated the husband, "don't I always tell you I won't 'ave the children bringin' in the coals from the shed in my best 'at? It ain't nice, Liza!"

His wife replied, coldly, "Just listen to reason, if you please. You have spoilt the shape of that hat with your funny head, and as you're among the coal all day at the wharves, what can a little extra coal dust in your hat matter?"

"You don't see the point, Liza," said he with dignity. "I only wear that 'at in the hevenin's, an' if, while I'm hout, I takes if horf my head, it leaves a black band round my forrid. Wot's the consequence? Why, I gits accused o' washin' my face with my 'at on, and it ain't nice, Liza; it ain't nice."

Johnny: "Why do you want your father to be a detective?"

Freddy: "Because indiarubber soles wouldn't hurt so much!"

Motorist (to another who has broken down): "Can I be of any assistance to you?"

The Afflicted One (under the machine): "Yes, sir. The lady in the car is my wife. I'll be obliged if you will kindly answer her questions and keep her amused while I'm finishing the repairs."

ONE of the players in a gambling den got up and whispered in the ear of another:

"Sir, I saw you cheating!"

"What is that you say?"

"I am sure of it."

"Do you want to ruin me?"

"No, I only wish to go halves!"

BARN STORMING.

THE tenth-rate touring company alighted from the train at Slopperton.

"Which is the way to Timson's Opera House?" inquired the manager of a ragged-looking individual on the platform.

"Straight up," answered the man. "By the way, I'm Timson."

"Good!" said the manager. "I want you to let us give a show to-night. Will five pounds suit you?"

"No," answered Timson, "you can't have the opera house at all."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the manager.

"If you've got anything else on there, postpone it—buy them off! I'll give you a fiver bonus!"

"Can't do it. The opera house ain't engaged, but I tell you you can't have it."

The manager began to get indignant.

"Why not?" he thundered.

"Why not?" repeated the man. "Well, because it happens to be full of hay!"

Mrs. Newlywed: "Before we were married you said that my slightest wish should be your law."

Mr. Newlywed: "Exactly, my love; but you have so many vigorous and well-developed wishes that I am as yet unable to decide as to which is the slightest."

Young Father (in the future): "Great snakes! Can't you do something to quiet that baby? Its eternal squalling drives me frantic."

Young Mother (calmly to servant): "Marie, bring in my husband's mother's phonograph, and put in the cylinder, 'At Ten Months.' I want him to hear how his voice sounded when he was young."

Suitor: "Why do you object to my marrying your daughter?"

Father: "Because you can't support her in the style she's been accustomed to all her life."

Suitor: "How do you know I can't? I can start her on bread and milk, the same as you did."

ITS PRONUNCIATION.

THE hotel clerk looked up.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said; "but have you spelt your surname right?"

The gentleman carefully re-read what he had written—"E. K. Phthologyrrh."

"Yes," he answered; "O.K.! It is pronounced Turner."

"Looks more like some catarrhal disease," murmured the clerk.

"Let me explain," said Turner. "First, we have 'Phth,' the sound of 't' in 'phthisis'; then 'olo,' the sound of 'ur' in 'colonel'; thirdly, 'gn,' representing the sound of 'n' in 'gnat'; and finally, 'yrrh,' the equivalent of 'er' in 'myrrh.' If that doesn't spell Turner, what on earth does it spell?"

AVERTING TROUBLE.

Brown: "Great Scott! Has Robertson gone off his head?"

Thomas: "I don't think so. Why?"

Brown: "Just look at the illumination in his house. He has had every gas jet burning all day long."

Thomas: "That's a little scheme Robertson has to increase his gas bill this month. His wife is coming back to-morrow, and he's told her he has been at home and reading every night since she went away. If she looked at the gasmeter and found it had registered such a small consumption there would be trouble for him, poor fellow."

Mother: "Tommy, what's your little brother crying so much about?"

Tommy: "'Cause I'm eatin' my cake an' won't give him any."

"Is his own cake finished?"

"Yes, an' he cried while I was eatin' that, too."

IT UPSET HIM.

The Dishevelled One (rushing up to the smoking-carriage): "I say, have any of you chaps got any brandy? A lady's just fainted at the other end of the train."
Half-a-dozen Voices from inside: "Here you are, old man, take my flask."
The Dishevelled One (grasping the biggest and taking a very long pull): "Thanks awfully; it always makes me feel queer when I see a lady faint."

Recruiting Sergeant: "Do you know anything about drill?"

Recruit: "Av course. Didn't Oi jist tell ye Oi wurked in a quarry these foive year paat?"

First Chauffeur: "I ran down three men to-day; but it wasn't my fault."

Second Chauffeur: "Of course not! There ought to be a law preventing reckless walking!"

"SUPPOSE I lend you the money you want, how do I know that I shall ever see it again?"

"Is the word of an honest man worth anything?"

"Oh, of course! Bring him to me!"

AN UNFORTUNATE NAME.

Sportsman: "Yes, Woodcock, what is it?"

Head-keeper: "Please, sir, if you want to give me any orders during to-morrow's shoot would you mind calling me Jim."

Sportsman: "Certainly I will if you prefer it; but why do you ask?"

Head-keeper: "Well, sir, Mr. Jackson is to be one of the guns to-morrow, and whenever you call me out by name he always shoots at me."

A NASTY ONE.

"Now, sir," began the smart K.C., "you say you discharged the plaintiff from your service because he was somewhat addicted to liquor. Is that correct?"

"It is," answered the defendant.

"Good!" said the K.C. "You do not consider it advantageous to yourself that your employees should be devotees of Bacchus?"

"That is so."

"Now, kindly tell the gentlemen of the jury—do you drink yourself?"

"That is my business!" retorted the defendant angrily.

"Quite so!" assented the K.C. suavely. "And have you any other business?"

Jones (with indignation): "I hadn't been talking to that man Brown ten minutes when he called me a fool."

Smith: "Ah! Took him ten minutes to find it out, did it?"

Conceited Young Man: "I wonder why that young lady over there looks at me so much?"

Sarcastic Young Lady: "She has weak eyes, and the doctor told her to relieve them by looking at something green."

Willie: "You see, it was this way. They were all three so much in love with her, and all so eligible, that to settle the matter she agreed to marry the one who should guess the nearest to her age."

Arthur: "And did she?"

Willie: "I don't know. I know that she married the one who guessed the lowest."

SURPRISED HIM.

A MISSIONARY returned from India tells this story, rather against himself.

He was suddenly called upon to preach at a lunatic asylum, and he decided to make use of a rather favourite sermon.

After the service, as he was leaving the chapel, one of the inmates stepped up to him, and said:

"That was a capital sermon you gave us, sir."

"I am glad you liked it. What part in it especially interested you?"

"Where you told about the mothers throwing their infants into the Ganges. All the time you were preaching I wondered why your mother hadn't thrown you into the river!"

"EVER been in Siberia?" asked the reporter.

"Er—yes," answered the distinguished Russian refugee. "I took a knouting there one summer."

Wife: "Billy, dear, I stitched up the hole in your trousers pocket last night after you had gone to bed. Now, am I not a thoughtful little wife?"

Husband: "H'm; how did you know there was a hole in my pocket?"

Bilderkin: "That table is altogether too rickety. Why, it creaks if you put your hand on it."

Shopkeeper: "Well, that's all the style, sir. It's built that way on purpose. You can't read an account of fashionable dinner-parties without noticing how 'the tables groaned under the weight of the delicacies.' Why, in the regular way of business we ought to charge a sovereign extra for them kind of tables."

A GENTLEMAN who takes a business view of things, when recently asked his opinion of a person of quite a poetic temperament, replied:

"Oh, he's one of those men who have soarings after the infinite and divings after the unfathomable, but who never pays cash."

STRATEGY.

LATE one cold and wintry night a student found the door of his college locked against him.

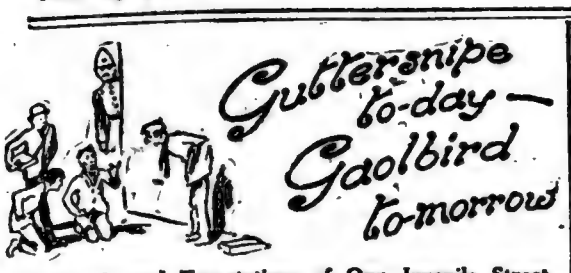
The young man outside argued with the doorkeeper inside, cajoled, and entreated, but to no purpose.

Eventually he slipped half a sovereign under the door and was admitted. It was a financial deal wisely thought out on strict business lines.

Once inside, he informed the doorkeeper that, unfortunately, after taking the half-sovereign out of his purse, he had dropped the purse itself on the doorstep.

The man went out to pick it up, but when he was on the chilly wet doorstep the door was slammed.

Then the deal was repeated, for he was not allowed to re-enter his warm abode until he had slipped the half-sovereign back.



The Trials and Temptations of Our Juvenile Street Traders.

By HARRY PAYNE, the "Literary Tramp."

THE perils and dangers to which juvenile street traders are exposed have recently been engaging the attention of a Departmental Committee, and the result has been that the Committee have recommended that no boy under seventeen, and no girl under eighteen, should be allowed to engage in street trading of any sort. In my youthful days I was a street trader in London, and I still retain a vivid recollection of that most happy period of my existence.

I will not deny that there were times when I regretted my choice of an occupation, but these occasions were few and far between, as for instance, when bad weather prevailed and pence were scarce. I acknowledged no master in those days, and to tell the truth did pretty much as I liked.

My parents were dead, and of relatives I had none. My home was the streets, and for a time, at any rate, I wanted no other. As to my stock-in-trade, that varied as did my takings.

Sometimes I sold matches, sometimes "stretches," (bootlaces), sometimes newspapers, and sometimes the latest penny novelties out of Houndsditch.

Six Shillings a Day.

The matches and bootlaces were merely a "blind" to cover my real occupation, viz., begging. The penny novelties and newspapers were legitimate trading, though I never refused a "Christmas box" when offered one. As to my takings, I have taken as much as six shillings in a day, and as little as sixpence.

When in funds I always "did myself well." The coffee house (Lockhart's) in Drury Lane, where I was wont to regale myself with such succulent dishes as "sausages and mashed," "a rasher and two fried," is still in existence. I paid a visit to it the other day, and lived those happy hours over again.

When business had been good I invariably wound up the day with a music-hall, and a fish supper after the show.

What glorious times I have had in the company of congenial spirits high up in the gallery at the Surrey, or Sadler's Wells, or the Foresters, or the Eden!

What would I not give to be young again, with that same glorious vista stretching out before me! The fish suppers, "ha'porth and a ha'porth," were the crux of the evening's entertainment.

After that there was the Arches, the Embankment, or one of the many sheltered "dosses" known only to a select few.

Gambling in the Streets.

I am not going to deny that there were some "bad eggs" among us street traders in those days, because such denial would be tantamount to falsehood. There were youngsters of fourteen and less who could give veterans of sixty points in blasphemy and beat them easy. There were many gamblers among us who were in the habit of spending Sunday in some out-of-the-way corner, "far from the gadding copper," playing "banker" or "pitch-and-toss." These gambling "schools" were never much in my line, for, young as I was, I did not fail to recognise their mischievous influence, and mark the evil they did.

Those youngsters who were possessed by the gambling mania seldom went straight, but almost invariably drifted into evil ways. What was worse, the older lads led the young ones astray, intimidating and bullying being their chief methods.

The more healthy-minded among us strove to keep clear of these gangs, but unless one could put up a good "scrap" this was next to impossible.

Thrashed Every Night.

Some of our associates had homes, and parents alive, but the majority appeared to have no other home than the streets. Many of the boys were helping to support respectable homes while their fathers were out of work, and there were some who were helping to support idle and drunken parents, who were not ashamed to live on the earnings of their children.

One little chap with whom I struck up a firm friendship told me once that if he did not take home a certain sum every night he was soundly beaten and sent supperless to bed. After hearing this I deemed it my duty to help him obtain the necessary sum, and as I was a trifle smarter than he, I contrived to save him from a good many beatings.

Since the time I am writing of, the number of juvenile street traders has increased enormously, but their lot has not improved. On the contrary, it has deteriorated considerably, and where it was once easy to earn a shilling it is now difficult to earn a penny.

I know this because I have made it my particular business to keep in close touch with those who have come after me. During the past ten years I have been constantly travelling about the country, and have visited all the principal cities and towns in the kingdom.

It is not in London only that the juvenile street trader is to be seen. All the large cities and towns possess their full complement of youthful street traders, and the condition of those in one town is pretty much the same as the condition of those in another, with this solitary exception, that the earnings of the children vary considerably. In London a juvenile street trader can earn as much as five shillings a day; in Glasgow as much as six shillings a day; in Liverpool, from four to five shillings a day; in Manchester the same, and in Birmingham from three to four shillings a day represents the average earnings of these juvenile street hawkers.

In some cases the money thus earned goes towards the upkeep of respectable homes, but in the majority of cases the children themselves spend the bulk of the money they earn on the streets. Music-halls and ice cream shops absorb a large portion of the youngsters' earnings. It is a case of "easy come, easy go."

I happen to know that a great many children are being exploited in this manner by idle and dissolute adults, who appear too lazy to turn out and earn their own living. I have frequently seen child hawkers roaming the streets of our large cities long after midnight, trying to dispose of matches, bootlaces and studs.

Goods Hawked After Midnight.

I venture to assert that there are more children under the age of sixteen trading on the streets of Glasgow than in any other city or town in the United Kingdom. I have seen girls under sixteen roaming the streets of this city, barefooted and bare-legged, long after midnight has chimed, and the majority of them have had something to sell, matches, laces, or some other trifle.

And the superintendent of a well-known rescue home in Glasgow once told me that many of the cases which came to him were girls who had taken the first downward step while engaging in this business of street hawking.

A short time ago I paid a visit to a large reformatory school in the West of Scotland, and being anxious to put a certain idea of mine to the test, I obtained the superintendent's permission to do so. Entering the large hall where the whole school, upwards of 300 boys, were assembled, I exclaimed as follows: "All boys who were engaged in selling things on the streets before they came here please stand up."

More than half the total strength of the school rose to their feet on receiving this invitation, and, to tell the truth, I was not in the least surprised at the result.

And who can wonder at it? The environment is bad, the associations bad, the influences bad, and the effect incalculably bad. A few strong characters may pass through the ordeal scathless, may escape contamination and rise to higher things, but the vast majority sink lower and lower, until finally they reach the bedrock of depravity, and there remain until death brings them happy release.

FOR FIGHTING MEN ONLY.

A Club that no Civilian Can Ever Enter.

THIS present month witnesses a double anniversary in connection with the Union Jack Club for soldiers and sailors in the Waterloo Road, London, an institution which has been christened "The Hotel Cecil of the Services."

Erected by public subscription as a "National Memorial to Sailors, Soldiers, and Marines who have died in the service of their country," the foundation-stone was laid by King George (then, of course, Prince of Wales) on July 21st, 1904, and three years later the completed building was formally opened by King Edward.

Although the building itself was erected by public subscription, it is not endowed, and it has perforce, therefore, to be entirely self-supporting. So that the soldier or sailor seeking its hospitality has the satisfaction of knowing that he is in no sense the recipient of charity, either direct or indirect, open or disguised.

How greatly the boon is appreciated is shown by the fact that 192,000 sailors and soldiers have availed themselves of the advantages offered by the club during the three years it has been opened. And all these have been club members, for no guests may be introduced.

It is not necessary, however, for each soldier or sailor who seeks admittance to the club to be individually a member, although there are quite a number of men who find it convenient to pay the nominal individual subscription of half-a-crown a year. But by far the larger proportion of its frequenters claim membership because they belong to a "subscribing unit"—generally either a ship, a battalion, or a naval or infantry depôt.

Thus, for example, a battleship pays a collective yearly subscription, and every man serving on that particular battleship has free use of the club for that year.

There are also a certain number of honorary members, these including, amongst others, men from Russian, German, and United States warships, who have chanced to visit England since the club has been in being, as well as representatives of our own colonial forces.

Externally the building is fully as palatial in appearance as most West-end clubs, and its interior fittings are almost equally luxurious. There are no fewer than 350 bedrooms for the accommodation of members, and the other apartments include dining, smoking, coffee, writing, and billiard rooms, together with a fine library, a barber's shop, a miniature rifle range, and a bicycle stable.

The winter months are the busiest at the "Union," for then is the home furlough season, and its capacity is taxed to the uttermost; while at exceptional periods of the year, such as Christmas time and the Easter and Whitsun holidays, rooms frequently cannot be provided for much more than half those applying for them.

IS YOUR HAIR TURNING GREY OR FADED?

HOW TO RESTORE ITS NATURAL COLOUR.

NO STICKY STAINS OR DEADLY DYES.

Free to everyone who reads this announcement is an interesting and instructive little book telling of a most remarkable discovery made at the well-known Bromley Hydro, Kent, whereby it is now possible to restore grey or faded hair to its natural colour, be it black, brown, or blonde.

Marvellous to relate, no actual dye or stain is used in this remedy for greyness.

So wonderful is the success of the new colour-restoring method that those who by its aid have rid themselves of greyness are enthusiastically recommending numbers of their grey-haired friends to also use it.

Born again in the hair itself. Every hair colours itself perfectly and evenly from root to tip.

The method, the officials frankly declare, is one that anyone can employ himself or herself at home, and without interference with anyone's usual daily routine.

First and foremost, it is suggested that written application be made for the little book which gives full particulars of the discovery and how to proceed to conquer the greyness or fadedness of one's hair.

A penny stamp for return postage should be enclosed with your application.

There is nothing to fear in regard to the new dyeless and stainless method of restoring colour to the hair. It is as harmless as it is effective. It is free from grease, and is inexpensive to use.

If you try this discovery for your own hair your payment will be returned if you are not satisfied with the result, provided that you faithfully carry out the instructions given.

With the new colour-restoring discovery there is no need for frequent applications. Only an occasional after-application is recommended to prevent any recurrence of that usual dryness of the scalp which tends to re-induce the greyness.

DON'T STAY GREY-HAIRED.

Prominent medical men have testified to the wonderful efficacy of this new colour restorative. One writes:

"Having testified 'Vilixir' and examined its formula, I hereby certify that it contains nothing that can be detrimental either to the skin, the hair, or the health.

"I have also tested it practically for a prolonged period (one person who had been grey for at least 20 years, aged 73), and have thus demonstrated, not only its innocuous character, but its capabilities of accomplishing what is asserted for it."

Dr. F——

Original letter can be seen by bona fide inquirers.

If you would like to ask a question or questions of any kind in connection with loss of colour of your hair, they will be carefully considered and answered by post by the Hydro Hair Specialist. It will then be quite possible for those who follow the treatment by post to have the same advantages placed at their disposal as those who visit the Hydro personally.

Address your application, accompanied by a penny stamp for return postage, for the book of particulars to—The Secretary, Vilixir Company Ltd., Room 277, Bromley Hydro, Bromley, Kent. The book is free; indeed, you are cordially invited to write for a copy.

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OUR TELLING SERIAL STORY.

The House of the Siren.

By W. HOLT WHITE,

Author of "Mymms the Dreamer."

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO.

Cleo's Piteous Tale.

"IMMEDIATELY after the marriage ceremony," said Mrs. van Dean, as she continued her story, "my husband and I left for a long honeymoon trip in the West on a special train. Then began a hideous nightmare. I found that I loathed the man, and loathed him so much that I could not tolerate the slightest of his advances. I kept him at arm's-length, and he settled down into a sort of dull rage.

"I had no notion at that time what drunkenness meant, but soon it dawned upon me that Van Dean was drinking to dreadful excess. He would indulge in the wildest freaks. He would 'side-track' the train at some village, drag me up to the local inn, and there nag me, hour after hour, until I grew to hate him more and more.

"Then one night he beat me. He beat me brutally; he beat me so shamefully that I lay senseless for a long while. He was frightened at last, and sent for a doctor. The only man that could be found was the man you see sitting there now."

She pointed to Dr. Vantini, and Vantini bowed his head.

"Vantini was kind, and nursed me. I had wild thoughts of charging Van Dean with assault, and dragging all my miseries into the light of day. But Vantini persuaded me to do otherwise. Vantini did a thing which I know he has long since regretted, but for which he must suffer even now. Vantini was a poor man, and my husband gave him a fee which silenced all his scruples. In justice to the doctor, I will say that he was not so much avaricious as desperately poor. Moreover, throughout this time Dr. Vantini was really kind and considerate. He became more or less a friend and a confidant.

"My husband's treatment had made me very ill, and, for a time, I had to be taken up to the hills. There, I am glad to say, Van Dean, though he stayed with me, left me more or less alone. Gradually I recovered, and was once again able to ride, and to drive, and to walk. I found the sunshine and the peace of things good. I hated the notion of returning to New York. But presently Van Dean insisted on our going back, and with us went Vantini. The doctor has since told me that all through that time he felt an impulse to help me. But he was terribly in debt, and the money with which Van Dean supplied him so liberally stifled his better thoughts.

"On our return to New York Van Dean installed the doctor as medical attendant to the family in our house on Fifth Avenue. At first I was absolutely crushed by this sudden return to city life. But, as I found that my husband was inclined to leave me alone, I began to look about me, and wonder if I were not making a mistake in being so obstinate in my refusal to take part in any social duties or gaieties. Indeed, a sudden change of spirit came over me. I knew that I was beautiful—I knew that I was extraordinarily beautiful. I do not say this through any foolish vanity, but simply because I recognise the fact. If a man can lay bricks well, he is entitled to say that he can lay bricks. If I am beautiful, I am entitled to say that I am beautiful. And suddenly I was pleased with my beauty. I loved to display it. Almost gladly I took the plunge which hitherto I had dreaded.

"Besides beauty, I had brains; I had, too, an instinctive knowledge of how to be a great hostess. In less than a month I was the rage of New York, and my house was the centre of the best society.

"My husband seemed pleased, nor, in the light of what I afterwards learned, am I surprised.

"For some strange reason I, too, found myself content. But that was only at first. It is true that once or twice I thought of the young engineer. He was still in Mexico, and he did not know how much he might have been to me.

"But gradually these vain longings drifted away from me. I found myself possessed of a curious excitement, and a strange, almost uncanny, desire to fascinate every man with whom I came in contact. And still my husband seemed pleased, and did not in any way interfere with me or molest me.

"I can give you no idea of the extraordinary state of my mind at that time. It seemed to me that in my impatience to fascinate men, to bring them to my feet, and make them declare openly that they loved me, that I was held by some check from indulging in any conduct which would have resulted in scandal.

"Looking back on that time, indeed, it seems to me like a confused and feverish dream.

"It was in the midst of this strange dream that Boyd—the young engineer—came back from Mexico; he sought me out, and he found me. He found me an unhappy and a discontented woman—a woman hungry for love.

"He was strong, he was brave, and he was clean. He offered me all that was best in him, and I refused it. I was not sure whether love or honour were the greater. I decided upon honour—the poor, paltry honour that kept me bound to a man I hated. And I turned aside from the love which would have made me free and happy.

"Even to this moment I do not know whether I did right or wrong. I only know that from that moment there began for me a perfect hell on earth.

"To my surprise, no sooner had I dismissed poor Boyd than Vantini immediately declared his own love for me. I was utterly taken aback. That he had been kind to me I knew, and I appreciated all the thought and care which he had given me. That he loved me I had no idea.

"I did not love him, and I told him so frankly and plainly."

Cleo paused in her story and looked half regretfully at the little doctor, who sat with bowed head.

Markham followed her gaze. He was beginning to understand the depths of the tragedy in which he had been plunged.

Then Cleo took up her tale again.

"I explained to the doctor," she said, "as gently as I could that he was not only foolish, but mad. And I think he loved me truly, because, instead of resenting what I said to him, he was kind and he was patient.

"But before Boyd had forced Vantini's own hand the doctor had done a dreadful thing—a thing so dreadful that he could not speak of it at the time. He confessed it afterwards, and it explained the mystery which was to come.

Leslie Markham, gagged, bound, and chained to the floor, looked up to see Van Dean smiling down at him.

"Almost immediately after Vantini had declared his love for me we went away from New York to our country place at Boxmoor, in the Adirondack Hills.

"For my part, I was glad to be once again in the country, and I was looking forward to a spell of quiet and relaxation. I wanted to be left alone to ride, and to walk, and to fish, and to read. You may therefore imagine not only my amazement but my disappointment when, after three days at Boxmoor, my husband declared that he was hopelessly bored, and invited, by telegraph, a large house-party to come and stay with us.

"You must remember that all this time I was living on tenter hooks lest my husband should suddenly veer round from the extraordinary indifference with which he seemed to regard me, and once again alarm and nauseate me by those attentions which I loathed. So I was almost glad when the people came.

"For the most part they were men, and it did seem to me a very extraordinary thing that my husband should delight in encouraging men to pay me attention.

"There were so many people in the house that it was impossible to be alone, and I found myself in the heart of the country compelled to indulge in those social obligations which had been such a pestilence in town. Still, I accommodated myself to the circumstances as best I could, and within a few days in the whirl of picnics and dances, and so on, quite unheeded the sweetness of the country all about me.

"Then there happened a dreadful thing. My husband was found drowned in the lake at the foot of the hill on which our house was built.

"No inquiry of any sort was held. The Vice-President of Van Dean's Trust came out to Boxmoor by a special train, and hushed the whole thing up.

"As for me—and God must forgive me if I say it—I was wholly and heartily glad. I was awed by Van Dean's death, it is true, but at the same time I must confess that I was sufficiently selfish to think only of myself. For a week or so I rejoiced in my liberation from all that I so hated and despised.

"I think it occasioned me some little astonishment to find that Dr. Vantini had been appointed one of my husband's executors. Still, I accepted the state of affairs, and made no attempt to inquire into my late husband's estate. I had not the faintest idea what he might be worth at his death, and I will admit that I did not care.

"His lawyer told me that I was worth so many millions of dollars, and that my annual income would be so much. That was sufficient for me.

"You must remember that I was at the time in the frame of mind of a woman who has been released from what seemed an only too sure and certain sentence of penal servitude for life.

"All I knew was that I wished to get away—to hide myself. My great cry was to be alone.

"I had no desire to return to New York, and I could not remain at Boxmoor. At last I took a little place quite close to the Niagara Falls.

"There, Boyd, having heard of my husband's death, came to visit me. I found that I had a great wish to fascinate him, but had no love for him in my heart. I dismissed him, but, strange to say, from the moment I had done so, I was possessed with an insensate and feverish inclination to play fast and loose with the hearts of other men. I did so. And then happened a thing even more dreadful than Van Dean's unexpected death. Young Boyd was found murdered in my garden.

"Of course, I was subjected to the vileat of suspicions and accusations. I was openly charged with the murder, not only of my dead husband, but of Boyd.

"In spite of these accusations and charges, however, men still continued to crowd about me and to profess for me both their love and admiration.

"But this was not the end. One by one my admirers met with either tragic ends or mysterious accidents. Slowly, but surely, I came to the conclusion that some amazingly malign influence was at work, that I had some great and powerful enemy whose resources were beyond calculation, and whose purse was bottomless. I cannot go into details. It is sufficient to say that the tragedies which gradually overwhelmed me could only have been engineered by a man whose brain was mad, and whose wealth was stupendous.

"Suddenly my mind experienced a flash of illumination. As an inspiration it came to me that my husband was not dead, but alive. And that this heaping of tragedies upon me was his method of revenge for the indifference with which I had treated him.

"By accident—and quite by accident, too—I alighted on the truth. I found Dr. Vantini and my husband in conversation together in my grounds. My husband escaped, but Dr. Vantini remained to confess the truth.

"And the truth—weird and almost unthinkable as it is—is very simple.

"From the first Vantini loved me, and loved me more because of my hate for my husband. Vantini was a hypnotist, and my husband was a drunkard. The strength of mind of Vantini was brought to bear upon the weak mind of Van Dean. Vantini suggested to Van Dean that he would derive more pleasure by watching me fascinate other men than by securing my love for himself.

"It was a wicked, it was a criminal thing to do, but Vantini finally suggested to Van Dean that after drinking to the full of his satisfaction in beholding me as a candle towards which innumerable moths were attracted, he should take his own life.

"It was a risky thing to do, but, in addition, Vantini taught my husband how to possess my mind of a certain idea. So on the night of his supposed suicide—quite unknown to me—my husband left me with the notion that I must go on and on in my attempts to fascinate men and to ruin their hopes, and their lives, and their loves. It seems murderous to say so, but none the less I must say that I thought it a pity that my husband failed to kill himself that night.

"He retained his life, only to harbour against me a vengeful desire to see me torture other men, and in the course of that torture to rob myself of all peace.

"And, after he had broken away from him, Vantini could not regain his ascendency over my husband. My husband became paramount. He was so wealthy, so many men were dependent upon him that it was ridiculous to dispute his will. He was in his supposed death even more powerful than he had been in his life. Even the Vice-President of the Trust of which Van Dean was chief was quite content to continue the pretence that the master of millions was dead.

"As for me, I could do nothing. My moral sense was perverted. I was enabled to look on disaster after disaster comparatively unmoved. I suffered periods of retribution, when another moth singed his wings, or lost his life in the flame of my candle. Remorse soon passed. I became so selfish, so entirely callous, that I thought of nothing, cared for nothing, hoped for nothing except that my husband would continue to be considered dead, for as long as he were considered dead, so long I knew I should have peace.

"Still, after a while, his methods became so frightful that I fled from them. I gathered friends about me, such as Lord Kenway and the poor Duke of Bury. I never told them anything of my history or my griefs. They believed me to be a good and true and even a great woman. That was not their fault nor mine. And because they believed in me they served me well and faithfully. Yet one after another they were struck down by my husband. He piled crime on crime, and murder upon murder.

"Then I met you. I do not desire to pay you any compliments, much less to flatter you, but when I met you everything was changed. I became ashamed and afraid. You impressed me in such a way that my heart cried out for your sympathy, for your friendship, for your help. You refused me everything, and the train of tragedies went on.

"Now I have told you my story. Now you know everything. Do you still refuse me your help?"

"No," said Markham, "I can refuse you nothing. As a

(Continued on page 96.)

Bertie Made Triplets—Money Troubles Banished. Big cash prizes are offered for Triplets. Turn to the first page.

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matter of fact, you have all my sympathy, and all my friendship, and you have all my help. And I give it to you because I believe in you, because I believe your story."

"Thank you," said Cleo, "and God knows I need you! The crisis is to-night."

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE.

In Van Dean's Power.

WHEN Markham declared that Cleo could be sure of all his sympathy and friendship and help, Dr. Vantini rose from his chair, clicked his heels together, and bowed.

"Madam," he said to Mrs. van Dean, "if you will allow me, I will withdraw. I am perfectly well aware of your motive in wishing me to be here when you told Mr. Markham your story. In that story it is obvious that I have played a mean and despicable part. I only ask you to allow me to assure Mr. Markham that I am repentant I shall do whatever I can to make amends—you may rely on that. Meantime, it is scarcely necessary for me to wait. You must have things to say to each other which are not for me to hear."

"Very well," said Mrs. van Dean to the doctor, and she spoke to him as she might have done to a lackey, rather than to a man who had been her medical adviser, and latterly her friend. "You may go," she added, "and I will leave it to you to see that I am guarded as best I may be."

Markham watched the departure of the doctor with thoughtful eyes. Then he turned to Mrs. van Dean.

"Well?" he said.

"It is for you to say what is to be done," said Mrs. van Dean. "I have placed myself in your hands, and I will leave matters entirely to you. I have only one question to ask," she went on. "It is this—and I ask it, believe me, simply that I may see where I stand—do you love me?"

Markham stood up. "Yes, Mrs. van Dean," he said steadily, "I do. I think I have always loved you. The first impression I received of you was that you were good, that what you did was not your fault. And I believe my first impression to be correct. I have heard your story from your own lips, and I believe every word of it."

Mrs. van Dean held out her hand. "Thank you," she said.

"Now," she added, "what shall we do?"

"Forgive me," said Markham, "if that requires a minute or two to think out. I myself have already had plenty of evidence of Van Dean's power. He is unscrupulous—after all, I am not at all sure that he is not mad—and his wealth enables him to hire a horde of ruffians.

"Still, I can afford a good deal. I can afford to hire help. I don't like the idea, but, if it is necessary, we will meet blackguard with blackguard.

"But first, the most important thing is for you to leave this house at once. It is obvious that Van Dean is too well acquainted, not only with the geography of the place, but with the movements of its household.

"As a matter of fact, I should say that you had some of his men in your employ. He is the kind of man to see to all that sort of thing."

Markham turned away for a few moments, and then came back and stood before Mrs. van Dean, and looked her straight in the eyes.

"Tell me," he asked, "do you believe that Vantini is in reality faithful?"

"I am sure of it," answered Mrs. van Dean, "you need have no fear on that score."

"Now," said Markham, "is it possible to move to-night? I have good reason to know that Van Dean is particularly angry with me, and in a mood which will prompt him to strike at once."

Mrs. van Dean grew anxious.

"You really mean that?" she asked.

"I mean it," said Markham. "Where do you suggest we should go? I think that the best place would be Paris. Of course, the flight will be unconventional, but the matter is much too serious to hold back from what should be done because of the fear of petty scandal. Where you go, I must go. There is no one else to whom I could trust your safety."

Mrs. van Dean thought for a moment, then she said:

"So you, too, are of the opinion that my husband's real objective is myself. You, too, think that I stand in peril of my life?"

"Yes," Markham answered, "I do."

Again Mrs. van Dean thought. "Very well," she said at last, "I will do whatever you suggest."

"We will make it the midnight mail," said Markham. "Meantime, though I hesitate to do so, I must be gone about your business, and my business."

"Oh, yes!" said Mrs. van Dean; "there is the theatre."

Markham laughed. "The theatre is nothing to me," he said; "it can sink or swim as it pleases. No, what I intend to do now is to go straight down to Scotland Yard and tell them the truth of things."

Mrs. van Dean's eyes grew frightened.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "Oh, no! You must not do that!"

"Pardon me," said Markham firmly, "but I must. Perhaps you don't realise that, thanks to your counsel's questions to me at the inquest, I am, at the present moment, in imminent danger of being arrested for the murder of the Duke of Bury?"

"Ah! Yes," said Mrs. van Dean, in a low voice—"that is true. I had forgotten."

"Tell me," said Markham, "why you took such an extraordinary stand on that occasion?"

Cleo stretched out a hand and placed it on Markham's arm.

"I did it," she said, "because I was broken-hearted and desperate. I thought that you would never listen to me; that you would never come to me and hear my story. I thought that you were my implacable enemy. I was afraid of you."

"And so," said Markham, a little coldly, "you endeavoured to place my neck in jeopardy of the gallows."

"Not that. Believe me that I never had such a thought in my mind. I simply wished to disarm you. If anything had come about which had placed you in serious danger, I should have gone to the police myself."

"You must forgive me," said Markham, "if I seemed to be a little unchivalrous. After all, I merely asked a question to ascertain the truth—and the truth will help us. Now I must go!"

Cleo got out of the hammock and came towards him slowly. She held out her hands to him, and he took them, and kissed them.

"You may rely on me," he said.

"Yes," Mrs. van Dean replied very gently, "I feel that I may now rely on you. And rely on you not only to help me, but to behave as a chivalrous gentleman. It is not my fault that I cannot give you my love."

"No," said Markham softly, "I know that it is not your fault."

From Essex House Markham drove straight to Scotland Yard, to see his old friend, Sir Alexander Hetforde.

It was scarcely surprising, in view of the circumstances, that Sir Alexander was at first inclined to receive him a little coldly.

Markham, however, met Sir Alexander's coldness with chaff.

"You are still floundering in the midst of this mystery of the House of the Siren," he said, "while I have fathomed its secrets. All your vaunted brains have availed you nothing. The astute Mr. Coates has been hopelessly left. I alone hold the master key to the mystery."

"And the key?" asked Sir Alexander.

"The key," said Markham soberly, "is the story of Mrs. van Dean herself."

"Yes, yes, I can imagine that," said Sir Alexander testily; "but I trust you have not come here simply to talk generalities."

"Yes, and no," said Markham. "At least I am here to tell you who is the murderer of the Duke of Bury."

"Ah!" said Sir Alexander sharply. "And who is that?"

"Mrs. van Dean's husband," said Markham.

"Her husband?" cried Sir Alexander. "I did not know she possessed one. I knew, of course, that she had been married to Van Dean, but then Van Dean is dead."

"Not at all," said Markham; "Van Dean is alive—he's very much alive. He's so much alive that he made an attempt to murder me this afternoon. And it would have been my own careless fault if he had succeeded in the attempt."

"Did he, Markham?" said Sir Alexander gravely. "You must tell me the whole story."

"Not the whole story," said Markham; "only a portion of it. Listen."

He then gave the Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department an outline of the case.

Sir Alexander listened to the tale with wondering interest, and at the close of Markham's recital, asked whether he required assistance.

"Not at present," said Markham; "I am taking Mrs. van Dean to Paris to-night. By the way," he added, "I suppose you don't happen to have heard anything of my servant Hawkins?"

"I was just coming to that," said Sir Alexander; "the man has been here, and with a tale so extraordinary that really I did not believe him. It seems that he was called away by a forged note to the effect that you had met with an accident, and were lying seriously injured at a house in Bloomsbury.

"He went to the house indicated by the note, and was there forcibly detained. However, he managed to fight his way out after an interval, and immediately came down here. He has now gone back to your rooms."

"Ah!" said Markham; "then I will go there, too."

When he reached Jermyn Street, Markham let himself into his rooms with his latch-key and called for Hawkins. There came no answer.

Fearing that something else untoward had happened, Markham hurried into his servant's quarters, and there he found Hawkins lying on his bed, stabbed through the heart, and dead.

With a cry of horror he leaned forward. And then, for the second time that day, he was struck down in his own rooms, but this time the blow fell squarely, and Markham went into oblivion.

When he awoke, his head ached, and his ears buzzed. For a few moments he lay quite still, endeavouring to recollect the incidents which had immediately preceded his passing into insensibility. Slowly and painfully he recalled them all. Then he opened his eyes, and looked about him, but he was so dazed by what his eyes revealed that he continued to lie still and try to conceive what had come to him.

Judging from the light, it must have been sunrise, for the light was very soft and pearly, and yet tinged with red.

Markham, when his eyes had become accustomed to the light, looked this way and that. And he found himself lying on a bare floor in what might have been an empty warehouse.

At any rate, he was lying in a great space, roofed in by roughly sealed tiles. And so great was the length of the place that its ends were almost lost in shadows. The floor was thick with dust, and the whole atmosphere impregnated with the rasping smell of grain.

Markham turned towards the light, and could see a great open space through which showed the sky. Then, to his astonishment, silhouetted against the sky, he saw the dome of St. Paul's. He would have cried out in his amazement, but he could not cry out at all. So completely dazed had he been that not until that moment had he realised that he was gagged.

The shock of this discovery stunned him into action. He rolled over and attempted to leap to his feet. But as he did so his right leg received a sharp jerk, which sent him sprawling to the floor. He glanced towards his feet, and saw that he was chained securely by the right ankle to the floor.

Markham made every effort to get his mind in working order, and at last he was able to appreciate, in some degree, what had come to pass. It must have been Van Dean, or Van Dean's ruffians, who had struck him down in his own rooms. Van Dean, or Van Dean's ruffians, must have brought him to the spot in which he now lay captive. But where was he?

Markham stared dully and stupidly at the patch of sky against which was silhouetted the towering dome of St. Paul's.

Obviously, he must be on the south side of the Thames, and in all probability on the top floor of some unused warehouse. If that were the case, the river must be immediately below him. He turned upon his stomach and endeavoured to wriggle towards the light, but again the chain fetched him up sharply, and Markham lay there with a beating heart and straining eyes and ears.

The world, up there under the disused roof of the warehouse, was uncommonly silent. But at that moment there came a sound which confirmed Markham's suspicions. Just beyond the opening in the wall he heard the long-drawn hoot of a tug. Then for a second Markham's surroundings appeared to him from the standpoint of the ludicrous, and he laughed.

But immediately after the laughter he was plunged again into a torment of thought. He realised that he was a prisoner, and impotent, not merely to help himself, but to help Cleo.

He would have buried his face in his hands, but his hands were tied behind his back. He rolled over on his side again, and lay there, his face damp with the sweat born of an agony of fear.

It was then that he heard stealthy footsteps, but made no attempt to turn and look at the man who walked with almost noiseless feet.

Then a boot struck him full and fair between the shoulders. He heard a chuckle, and rolling over on his back, and looking upwards, he saw Van Dean smiling down at him. And Van Dean was no longer dapper and over dressed. Van Dean was once again the Shabby Man.

"Well, Mr. Markham," he said, "I hope you are pleased with your surroundings. I have done my best for you."

Markham remained silent. His silence irritated Van Dean. Van Dean kicked at him, and Markham doubled up with pain.

"Ah," said the Shabby Man, "I thought I should get something out of you."

"Very likely," said Markham, stung to anger, and regardless of what his retort might cost him, "but not, I think, very much."

The Shabby Man carried in his hand a thick, heavy stick. Now he lifted the stick and struck Markham twice across the face. "You blackguard!" he cried; "you dirty blackguard!"

Markham, regardless of the blows, struggled into a sitting posture. "Thank you for your courtesy," he said.

"Say," said Van Dean, now speaking in his excitement with a strong American accent, "I guess you think you're pretty slick, but I guess you've got to go through it, Mr. Markham, and go through it you will. But you don't suppose, do you," he went on, "that I've suffered what I have suffered all these years without being determined on revenge?

"Curse that woman, my wife, and curse that little cur Vantini, who led her astray!

"Ah," he went on, in a rambling, almost incoherent way, "I have no doubt it was a pretty scheme for him to put into my head, the notion that I should get more satisfaction out of seeing my wife make conquests in all directions rather than have her love for myself. I didn't tumble to it at first, but I can quite assure you that I got on to it a good while back. No doubt cold water is a pretty healthy thing. It was very nice of Vantini to suggest that I should drown myself, but when I found myself in that lake at Boxmoor, I tell you, I woke up to my senses.

"Yes, young man, I woke up to my senses, and I sat there on the bank, dripping with water, and reviling myself for being such a fool. I don't know whether the water washed it out or not, but all love for my wife had gone. I sat on that bank, and I shivered, and I swore that I would spend the rest of my life revenging myself in the most cruel way that I could think of. And I am pretty good at devising ways.

"I have had a good time, I don't mind telling you, in getting my revenge. If I have killed one man I have killed a dozen. It has been good fun, and I don't care who knows it. Of course, I have run pretty close to the wind now, and I can't carry on much longer. I reckon I have pretty well had my time. But I have got you, and that will just give me the chance I wanted of putting a climax on my revenge."

Van Dean broke off and remained for a few moments morose and silent. Then his face lit up with a sudden demon-like passion, and again he struck Markham with his stick.

"And you, you miserable dupe," he cried, "you are as weak or as foolish as any of them. You love her! Oh, yes, you love her—you know you do! Do you think I care? Not I. I only care for revenge, and I will have revenge on you such as you never dreamed of.

"But first," he went on, "I will have revenge on my wife herself. I will have revenge on her in a manner which you could never imagine. You forget that Dr. Vantini gave me the power which enabled me to egg on my wife to fascinate other men. He gave me the power to hold her will and her speech absolutely in my own.

"And to-night when I meet her I will make her love me—yes, love me! Think of it! Me! While she loves me she shall hate me, and when she has loved me I will kill her. I shall kill her as midnight strikes! And then, my friend, I will return to you, and you will be a long time dying, and I will hurt you a very great deal."

Then, without another word, Van Dean shambled away into the shadows, and Markham heard a door shut.

Again he was alone and a prey to the perfect torment of fears.

(This remarkable story will finish shortly.)

THE WRONG KIND.

MIDNIGHT came, and still the bore showed no signs of leaving.

"Do you like music?" asked the beautiful girl, just to break the monotony.

"Passionately fond of it!" replied the bore. "In fact, do you know, music will always carry me away!"

She dropped on to the piano-seat, and rattled off several popular airs; then, suddenly wheeling round, said:

"You are still here?"

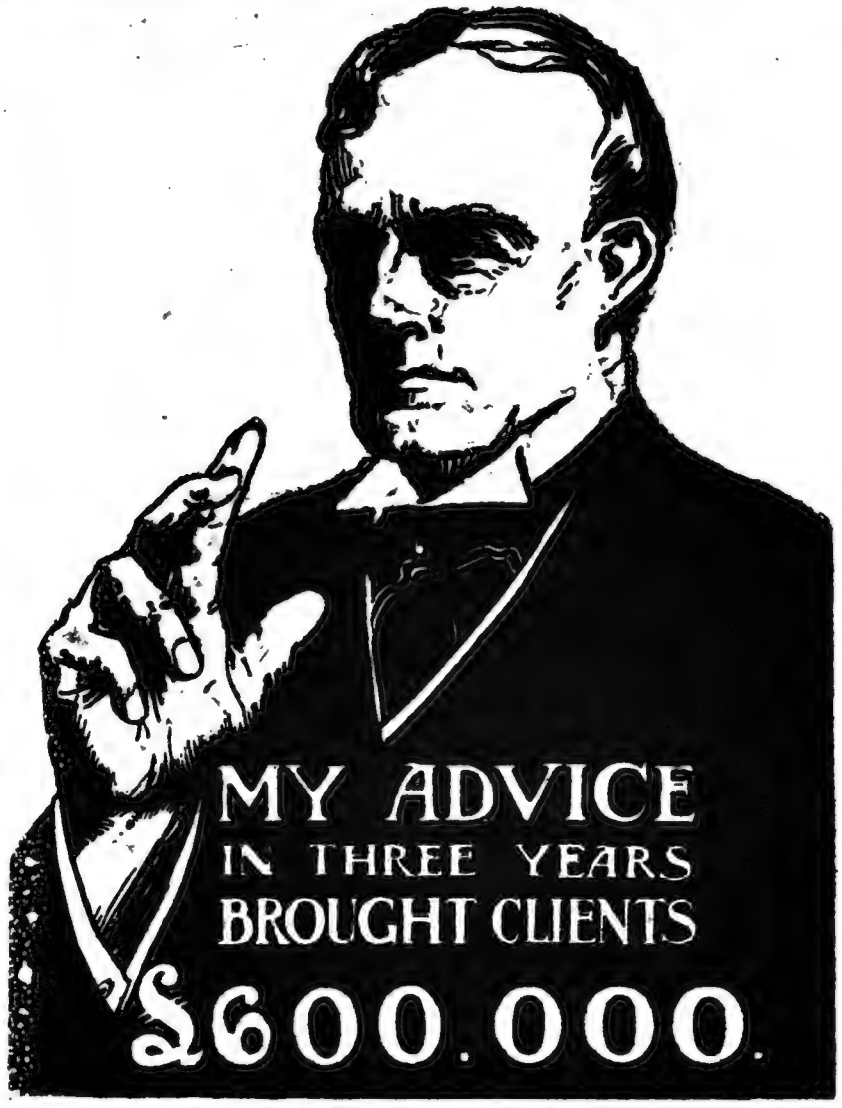
"Ye-es," yawned the bore.

"But I thought you said music always carried you away?"

"So I did—music."

But he didn't stay much longer.

Holidays Paid For—Father Has Prizemoney. Have you tried for a Triplets prize yet? Turn to the first page.



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The printer who took my recommendations from me in manuscript and conveyed the copy to be set up in type, and who supplied the firm with the copies of the printed recommendation; the Post Office authorities who brought the vans down to convey the letters to Mount Pleasant Post Office; copies of the financial papers two days afterwards, and copies of the same papers at a later date. Sometimes the stock rose almost immediately, but at other times it took a few days, a week, sometimes even longer—but it rose.

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JAMES J. HILL.

Obtained employment as a "roustabout," earning two dollars a day by carrying freight to and from the boats. Became a clerk, then agent for N.W. Packing Co. Invested practically the whole of his money in a railway concern. Worth over **£7,000,000**

LETSON BALLIET.

A multi-millionaire, aged 35. Earned his living as a newsboy, then became a carpenter, a bookkeeper, and teacher. Invested a couple of pounds monthly out of his salary in mining shares.

JAMES R. KEEN.

Invested in various mining concerns, and amassed wealth to the extent of **£1,000,000.**

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Commenced as an office boy. Organised Standard Oil Company with a capital of **£22,000,000**, on which a yearly dividend of £16,000,000 is paid. Has a banking account of over **£50,000,000**, the whole of which he accumulated by speculating in oil, railways, and other concerns. One deal alone in railways brought him in over **£30,000,000.**

WILLIAM LUKEN ELKINS.

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DAINTY DISHES.

Macaroon Tartlets.

Line some patty-tins with pastry, put a little jam in each, then make a light sponge mixture, flavoured with ratafia. Put two spoonfuls on each tart, and bake till brown. Serve hot or cold.

Mayonnaise and Tomato Sandwiches.

Have ready two slices of thin bread and butter; on one piece lay chopped tomatoes which have been carefully skinned, on the other spread very thinly a good mayonnaise sauce. Press the two lightly together, stamp into dainty shapes, and serve.

Fowl in Batter.

Take the remains of a cold fowl, divide into neat joints, remove all skin, dip each piece into seasoned flour, and rub over with a little salad oil and set aside. Prepare a good frying batter, dip each piece of fowl into it, and fry in deep fat. Serve round a pile of peas or French beans.

Cauliflower Italian Style.

Boil a nice cauliflower till almost tender, place it in a fireproof dish, season with pepper and salt, scatter the chopped yolk of a hard-boiled egg and a little grated cheese over all. Dissolve one ounce of butter and pour over the vegetable. Make very hot in the oven, and serve at once. This is a very good course by itself with a garnish of crescents of fried bread.

To Utilise Cold Cooked Porridge

Which is so often wasted, put the porridge into a basin and knead into it as much dried flour as will enable it to be rolled out three-quarters of an inch thick. Cut this into three-cornered pieces and bake for twenty minutes on a girdle, or in a good oven. Serve buttered as hot cakes.

Swiss Pudding.

Butter a fancy pudding basin, break up any pieces of stale cake, fancy bread, or macaroons, taking care that the pieces are not very small. Half fill the basin with these. Beat two eggs in one pint of milk, sweeten to taste, and flavour nicely, pour slowly into the pudding basin. Let all soak for one hour and a half. Steam three-quarters of an hour, and serve turned out with sweet sauce poured over.

Ginger Cordial

Makes a refreshing hot or cold drink, and it is especially useful for people who are troubled with flatulency. Put one pound of loaf sugar, half an ounce of ground ginger, and half an ounce of citric acid into a jug; pour on one pint and a half of boiling water and let all stand until dissolved. Strain through muslin into glass bottles, and tightly cork. Use two tablespoonfuls to a small tumbler of water. (*Reply to* MATER J.)

Hot Ham Sandwiches

Form a tasty supper dish. Mix a cupful of minced ham, a tablespoonful of cream, some made mustard, cayenne pepper and salt. Add a teaspoonful of chopped parsley and work all together. Spread the ham on a thin slice of bread, put another slice on it and press together. Beat an egg with a teacupful of milk, dip the sandwich in this, stand for a while, and fry on both sides in dripping. Serve very hot.

CAKES AND PUDDINGS.—No. 35.

This delightful pudding is very easy to make. It gained one of the prizes offered by the Proprietors of Cakeoma.

BANANA PUDDING.

Sent by Mrs. S. Helm, Preston.

1 packet Cakeoma.
6 oz. fine chopped Suet and Pinch of Salt.
3 to 6 Bananas cut in small pieces.
The juice and grated rind of half a Lemon.
2 Eggs.
Sufficient milk to make a thick batter.

Method:—Mix the dry ingredients together, add the well-beaten Eggs and the Milk, and stir well; then the Lemon-juice and rind, and complete the mixing. Steam in a greased mould for 3 hours and serve with Sweet Sauce.

Cakeoma is sold in 3½d. packets by Grocers and Stores everywhere.

Recipe Book will be sent post free, on request to Latham and Co. Ltd., Liverpool.

Lucky Fair Sex!

The Consolations of Womanhood.

By a MERE MAN.

ONE would really imagine, judging them from any books on the subject of "Woman's rights" and women whose aim in life seems to be to acquaint the world of the hardships and wrongs of women in general, that "femininee" simply haven't the ghost of a compensation, and I have often wondered why, in the face of all the unpleasantness they have to put up with, that women condescend to live at all.

Mention this subject to any woman with "advanced views" and she will inform you with a most desperate air of finality that you hear thousands of women wishing they were men, but you never hear one man say he would like to change places with a woman. "A sure sign that men get the best of it, and, what is more, know it," you are finally enlightened.

Power You Wield Over Men.

All this seems to strike one as rather pitiful—that women should be so concerned with their wrongs that they haven't time or inclination to consider their many compensations. They miss so much that is simple, sweet, and true in their lives and a good deal of that delicious air of femininity which has never waned in its power over men.

One almost laughs when women complain of their lack of power in the world; as if there were anything more powerful in the world than the influence of a good and noble woman, and as if every woman doesn't hold in her little hands the secret of a man's career, be he her husband or sweetheart.

Nearly every man who has made his mark in the world has to acknowledge that he owes more to the gentle help and influence of a loving woman than anyone dreams.

Then do women, I wonder, realise what a compensation they have in their beauty? Have not poets and artists made it their everlasting theme since the beginning of the world? And surely the knowledge that a woman is good to look upon is no small compensation for a few handicaps.

Your Pretty, Dainty Clothes.

People are under the impression that women dress to please men and to "cut out" other women, but I am firmly convinced that women find as great a satisfaction in dressing only for themselves.

For them alone is given the privilege to wear pretty and dainty clothing and decking themselves in jewels and all those other fascinating objects with which women make themselves doubly entrancing.

But perhaps the greatest compensation of them all is that of motherhood.

It is a woman's divine right, and however many legal disadvantages she may have, nothing can take away that peculiar possession of her children.

The fact that she has borne the child gives her an infinitely sweeter claim, and one which makes the name of "Mother" sweeter and more hallowed than that of "Father."

However much a man may love his children he can only look on, as it were; he can never really enter those realms of bliss which make a Madonna out of a peasant girl and place a halo round her womanhood.

(Next week: "If I Were a Beautiful Woman.")

TOILET HINTS.

A USEFUL complexion wash for summer use is made by adding one tablespoonful of tincture of benzoin to one pint of rose-water, or elder flower water.

BEFORE cutting the finger-nails, soak the finger-tips in a lather of soap and water with a little almond oil in it. The nails thus softened are easily cut into a round shape, without leaving ugly corners.

AN orange stick for the nails is a necessity. With it the nails can be cleaned without being roughened. Again, after washing, gently push down the cuticle round the nails with the stick, so that the "half moon" will show.

MOIST hands are indeed an infliction to their owners. Keep a jar of powdered alum on the washstand, and put a little into the water when washing the hands. After drying them well, dust with a little talcum powder.

COLD water is a wonderful purifier of the system, and consequently of the complexion. Drink a glass just before retiring and again before rising. This is such a simple health remedy that it is not valued as it should be.

GLYCERINE, though considered by some to be an emollient, is often an irritant to a delicate skin, if used pure. If used with an equal part of olive oil, it is good for the hands, but it should never be applied to the complexion.

To cure dandruff, wash the hair once a week. Procure some green soap of a chemist, and make a lather with it in warm water. To a pint of lather add ten drops of spirit of rosemary. Rinse the hair thoroughly. Twice a week rub a very little vaseline into the roots of the hair.

A DELICIOUS sachet powder is what most women desire. That bought of the chemist is apt to be too strong and overpowering. Try mixing it in equal parts with powdered orris root, and you will find it delightful.

WEARING cotton gloves at night is very good for the hands. Cut off the tops of the fingers so as to give plenty of ventilation. When this habit is acquired the gloves will not be found in any way uncomfortable.

To those who have to do much household work this hint will be useful. Before putting the hands into soda water rub the finger-tips and round the nails with vaseline. The water will not then touch them and make them crack.

SUFFERERS from freckles will find this lotion useful: Strain the juice of three lemons into a bottle and add to it three ounces of alcohol and then three ounces of best rosewater. Apply this gently to the freckled part and let it dry.

SOME people are naturally inclined to sore lips, and get into the way of biting them to get rid of the bits of skin. This is a most fruitful cause of thick lips. Better far is it to find a lip salve that suits, and use it every night.

A DELICIOUS cream for the hands is made thus: Put into a gallipot half an ounce each of pure white wax and spermaceti, and two ounces and a half of oil of almonds. Stand the pot in a pan of hot water, and stir constantly with a stick, and until the ingredients are perfectly amalgamated, without being very hot. Now stir in very gradually four tablespoonfuls of the best rosewater. Beat till the whole is a cream.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Salmon

Is abundant now, and it is not likely to get cheaper than at present.

Save Gravies, Sauces, and Soups,

As all are valuable to a good cook in re-cooking fish and meat.

Stubborn Stains

On linen may be moved by repeated applications of salt and lemon-juice.

To Clean Earthenware Sinks,

Rub the stained parts with a mixture of powdered hearthstone and paraffin.

When Washing Fine Flannel

Add a little powdered borax to every pailful of water. This keeps the flannels soft.

Milk

Will keep sweet longer in an open pan than in a jug—a point to be remembered specially in the summer.

To Varnish Maps,

Brush them over on both sides with a thin solution of gutta percha. This is quite transparent.

When Loaves

Are baked too brown, do not cut off the burnt crust, but, when cold, rub the loaf with a coarse grater.

To Destroy Blackbeetles.

I find nothing so good for this as borax scattered freely in their haunts. (*Reply to* UNDERGROUND KITCHEN.)

To Keep a French Polished Table

In good condition, wipe off finger marks with a slightly moistened duster, then polish with a chamois leather or silk duster.

A Good Washing Fluid.

Mix together equal parts of liquid ammonia and turpentine. Add a tablespoonful of the mixture to the copper when boiling clothes.

To Blacken Brown Boots.

First remove all dirt, then lightly rub with a flannel moistened with ammonia. Then black in the usual way. (*Thanks to* HAROLD P.)

Leather Seats

Are apt to become very dry in a warm room. Rub them with a good white boot cream, and then polish with a soft cloth. This will nourish as well as clean the leather.

Save Vinegar From Pickles

As it is a useful addition to many things. The vinegar from walnuts greatly improves hashes and stews, that from mixed pickles can be added to pickled mackerel and herrings.

A Difficult Oven

Is evidently your trial. A small oven is apt to get overheated. When this occurs, put in a pan or jar of cold water, and the temperature will quickly fall. (*Reply to* TENEMENT HOUSE.)

A Good Grate Polish.

Boil two ounces of the best blacklead with half a pint of beer and a piece of yellow soap the size of a walnut. When cold, bottle and cork tightly. Use sparingly, and polish vigorously with a nice clean brush.

To Polish a Steel Grate

Which has been neglected, will require a good deal of "elbow grease." Cover the steel parts with sweet oil and leave for forty-eight hours, then rub with unslaked lime till the rust disappears. (*Reply to* STORE.)

£4 to £7 Earned Weekly.

By Men and Women at home or travelling. Let us start you. No experience needed. Our agents made over £7,000 last four months supplying the enormous demand for our famous Century Thermal Bath Cabinet and appointing sub-agents. Mr. Brierley, of Manchester, made £18 in first month; Miss Hall, of Bishop's Auckland, made £48, and Mr. Thwaites, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, made £52 18s. Everybody buys, business men, families, and physicians. Why work for others? Be your own master. Write for Agents' Proposition, No. 542, mentioning PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Century Thermal Bath Cabinet (Limited), Dept. 542, 205 Regent Street, London, W. [ADVT

No. I. THE BLUE CROSS.
No. II. THE SECRET GARDEN.
No. III. THE QUEER FEET.
No. IV. THE HAMMER OF GOD.
No. V. THE WRONG SHAPE.
No. VI. THE BROKEN SWORD.

These are the titles of the Most Sensational Stories of the Year.

BY

G. K. CHESTERTON.

The first of which appears in the September Number of

THE

STORY-TELLER

On Sale Everywhere July 29th.

4½D. Net.

A Well-filled Page

To Make You Smile.

I ALWAYS think that if I can supply my readers with a hearty laugh at some really good joke, the humble copper they have spent on *P. W.* has not been wasted. So I always pay particular attention to the jokes which go into *P. W.* But there is an old and a very true saying that "Two heads are better than one," so for the next few weeks I am going to get some of our recognised Kings of Laughter to come along and edit our Quips and Jestlets page for one week only. In our next issue, which by the way is our August Bank Holiday number, the Quips and Jestlets page will be edited by the famous Little Tich, and the week after that, Neil Kenyon will take a turn.

Are there Holes in the Air?

JUST now, with the recent terrible accident at the Bournemouth Flying Meeting fresh in our minds, our article entitled "Why Flying Accidents Happen," on page 88, is particularly interesting. If you read it you will see that the famous airman who writes it propounds a most extraordinary theory, which he thinks explains a number of aircraft accidents. He says that the atmosphere which surrounds the earth has holes in it, which of course must be vacuums, and that when an airship or aeroplane is unfortunate enough to get into one of these holes the machine drops down like a stone. It would be interesting to get the opinions of some of our scientific readers on this remarkable theory.

The Most Important Word.

WHAT is the most important word in the language? This is a question over which great debates take place from time to time; and you will find not a few who can propound at great length the arguments on behalf of "no," and others who swear by the mightiness of "if."

However, the three most important words for you this week are the three that you are asked to think out which will form the smart phrase or sentence which will win for you a big cash prize in this week's Triplets Competition.

On the first page you will find that we are offering £75 in prizes once more, so start at once to think out a Triplet, and your name may appear on our next list of successful competitors.

The Future of Flames.

A GENTLEMAN called J. T. is responsible for the following somewhat frivolous question, to which I can only give a frivolous answer. "Can you tell me," he asks, "where the flame of a candle goes to when it is blown out?"——

It all depends whether it has led a good life, J. T. If it has been a really proper flame, and burnt steadily and clearly, it is transported to a region of Elysian fields, where there are acres and acres of dry hay, and the rivers consist of pure petrol. There it is allowed to blaze away to its heart's content. If, on the other hand, it has been a naughty flame, it is packed off to a sort of fire-proof penitentiary, where it spends its time licking vainly at unsympathetic walls of solid steel. If candles only knew this before it was too late, they would never splutter or gutter, or otherwise misbehave themselves.

Late Shaves.

SMOOTH-CHIN wants to know why so many men, after the age of thirty-five, shave off a decent moustache and go about looking like sharpers? "I think you will agree with me," he continues, "that very few men, after having a moustache for years, can shave it off without looking perfectly horrible?"——

I think you are rather too severe, SMOOTH-CHIN, though it certainly does give one a shock to find a middle-aged friend who has hitherto revelled in a luxuriant beard turning up one day looking like a prosperous actor. The reason a good many men discard "face fringes" nowadays is in order to look younger. Many employers are so badly bitten with the "too-old-at-forty" craze, that the seeker after work finds it best to tackle the problem in as bare-faced a fashion as possible.

It is not generally known, by-the-way, that shaving in middle-age was responsible for one of the longest and bloodiest wars on record. In the twelfth century Louis VII. of France discarded all forms of "face fungus" in order to please the Archbishop of Rouen, who shared Mr. Frank Richardson's antipathy to this form of decoration. His wife, Eleanor of Aquitaine, was so disgusted with the change in his appearance, that in 1152 she contrived that the marriage should be dissolved, and six weeks later wedded the Duke of Normandy, who was afterwards Henry II. of England.

Louis, enraged at losing the fair lands of Aquitaine, promptly declared war against his successor, and there followed 300 years of strenuous fighting, in which over three million Frenchmen lost their lives. The moral certainly seems to be: Consult your wife before parting with your whiskers.

A Contented Adder.

A CORRESPONDENT, who modestly signs himself ONE OF THE THOUSANDS, sends me the following letter. "One item of my business duties," he says, "is adding up a tally roll, consisting of a strip of paper 15 feet long, with typewritten figures from end to end. My fellow clerks are constantly sympathising with me, and it has frequently struck me that nine people out of ten are averse to adding up. Can you tell me why this is? Do you think it is because addition is the first rule we learn at school, and that we, therefore, associate it with drudgery. In my own opinion there are hundreds of occupations more monotonous, but even the head clerk at our establishment dodges his share, and passes me on his monthly totals, consisting of a score of pages, to add up and agree."——

I must confess, O. OF THE T., that I rather sympathise with the head clerk. Perhaps you possess what is called a "mathematical mind." For those who are not gifted this way, adding up long columns of figures is a terribly monotonous performance. I have always viewed with envious amazement the wonderful pace and accuracy with which an experienced bank clerk will run his pen up the page of a ledger and place the correct totals beneath. It is said that Mr. Gladstone could add up a long column of pounds, shillings, and pence at the same time, but whether this is true or not I really couldn't say. If it is, he certainly deserved the title of "The Grand Old Man."

A Way They Have in the Army.

"A SUBJECT that has often crossed my mind," writes F. B., "is the present method of obtaining commissions in the Army. I think that undue advantage is given to people with money. We have quite young officers of the better class drilling (and in many cases humiliating) men much older than themselves. This point is the root of much unpleasantness. Why not give the private a chance of these positions? Surely we must have some clever men in the ranks, who would by a course of training make efficient officers. Schools could be opened for their use, and all would have an equal chance. Under these circumstances there would be no need for the Territorials or for recruiting sergeants, as the Army would be an attraction for young men instead of a last resource. Men would join in the knowledge that there was something better to look forward to than remaining in the ranks, and they would be willing to try their luck."——

I think there is a great deal to be said for your views, F. B., and I also think that the Army will gradually reform itself on these lines. Already there is a distinct tendency to cut down expenses among officers, while the efficiency demanded from an officer is very much higher nowadays than formerly. The present methods in the British Army are the growth of history and tradition, and you cannot break with tradition in a hurry, especially in the case of a fighting machine.

It is an undoubted fact, as any intelligent soldier will tell you, that men prefer to obey an officer who has always been an officer, rather than a man who has been raised from the ranks. At the same time, I feel convinced that the Army is bound to become more democratic, by which I mean that able men with less money will have a chance of being able to obtain commissions.

Water Consumption.

"I AM in the habit of taking a swim in the river here every morning," writes SWIMMER, "and occasionally I have another turn in the evening. A friend of mine has just told me that it brings on consumption. Would you let me know if this is true?"——

Provided you have no natural tendency to this complaint, SWIMMER, the alarm is a false one. For a healthy man, swimming in moderation is a splendid exercise. There are several old gentleman well over eighty who still take a morning dip at various seaside places. People whose lungs are at all inclined to be weak, however, certainly ought not to make a practice of bathing regularly. The constant exposure is very apt to bring on serious trouble. Artists models, who spend long hours sitting in the lightest of costumes, nearly always develop consumption if their lungs are at all delicate.

The most frequent cause of the disease is the presence in the air of minute particles of steel or other matter thrown off in certain manufactures. Amongst needle-makers, for instance, consumption accounts for 70 per cent. of the entire sickness; while file-makers suffer to an almost similar extent. Miners are the people least liable, there being only one case of consumption to a hundred of other complaints.

The Latest in Puzzles.

EVERYONE likes a puzzle, and I am sure you will like this one. It is known as the Jig-Saw Map, and consists of a map mounted on wood, but cut up into a number of odd-shaped portions. What you have to do is to arrange these various parts so that they all fit into each other again, thus reconstructing the map.

Besides providing an immense amount of pleasure, the Jig-Saw Map possesses an important educational value as well. In other puzzles of this nature, after you have completed the picture you are really no wiser than you were before, but in making up the Jig-Saw Map you are adding to your geographical knowledge all the time.

In fact, a more useful and profitable pastime could not be imagined, and for children, in particular, Jig-Saw Maps are invaluable. Jig-Saw Maps cost 3s. 6d. each, in a strong box, post free. Maps of England and Wales are now ready, and maps of other countries may be obtained on order. All inquiries and orders should be addressed to Pearson's Jig-Saw Maps, 28 Maiden Lane, London W.C.

F.A.F. Special Days.

The following special days' outings in connection with the Fresh Air Fund have recently taken place.

July 19th.—Westward Ho! Party.
„ 20th.—Cambridge University Officers Training Corps Day.
„ 22nd.—Gardeners Company Day.

Fresh Air Fund Figures.

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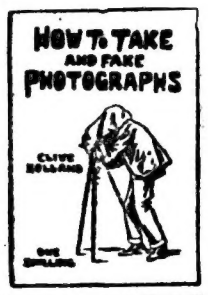

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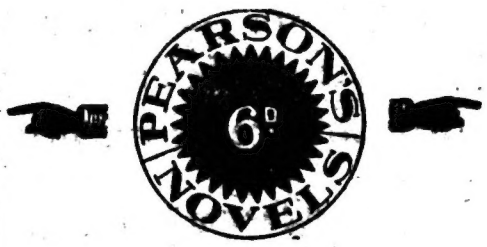

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...ak Holiday	August 1.	S 3 10 17 24 31	S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 6 13 20 27	July 22 ... 9. 2
...ristmas Day	December 25.	M 4 11 18 25	M 1 8 15 22 29	M 5 12 19 26	M 3 10 17 24 31	M 7 14 21 28	" 23 ... 9. 0
...xing Day	December 26.	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27	T 4 11 18 25	T 1 8 15 22 29	" 24 ... 8.59
...od Friday	April 14.	W 6 13 20 27	W 3 10 17 24 31	W 7 14 21 28	W 5 12 19 26	W 2 9 16 23 30	" 25 ... 8.58
...ster Monday	April 17.	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 6 13 20 27	T 3 10 17 24	" 26 ... 8.57
...itsun Monday	June 6.	F 1 8 15 22 29	F 5 12 19 26	F 2 9 16 23 30	F 7 14 21 28	F 4 11 18 25	" 27 ... 8.55
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